

SONGS
OF FLORIDA



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SONGS OF FLORIDA AND OTHER VERSE

BOOKS BY MR. CURRIE.

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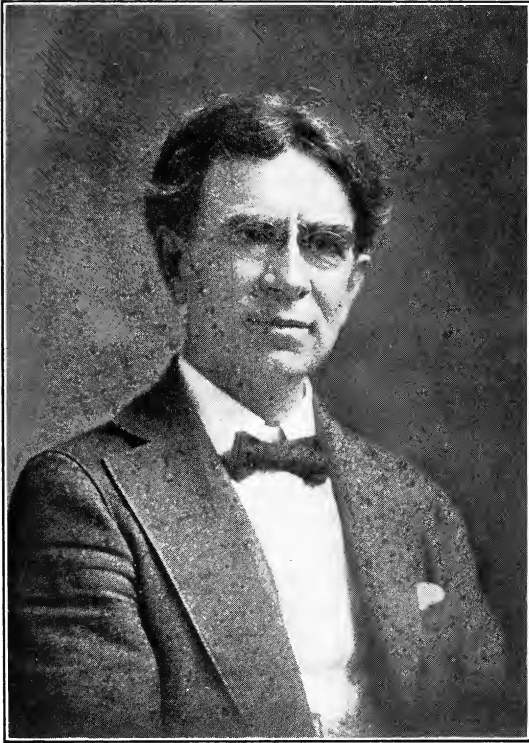
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THE AUTHOR.



Yours sincerely
Geo. H. Currier

SONGS OF FLORIDA
AND
OTHER VERSE

By
GEORGE GRAHAM CURRIE



NEW YORK
JAMES T. WHITE & CO.

1922

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no 1

TO MY "COMING" SON
FRANCIS ANGEVINE CURRIE
Alias "BANZAI"
THIS BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED AS A PROOF
OF OUR MUTUAL APPRECIATION.

PREFACE.

In presenting this volume to the Public, after having dedicated it to my son, I feel that something of the boy's own work in a literary line, accidental tho' it be, may serve to make the circumstances more understandable. Thanks to my good friend, Editor Joe Earman, the production, at the same time, gives the author a most enviable introduction to his readers. He takes a somewhat guilty pleasure therefore, in copying verbatim from the spotlight column of the Palm Beach Daily Post of February 20, 1919, the following notice:

BANZAI.

By JOE EARMAN.

Angevine Currie is eleven years old, and is a son of Hon. and Mrs. George Graham Currie.

Angevine, whom the other boys call BANZAI, wrote a composition for his teacher last week, and in same, *enlightened* the world why he is called *Banzai*.

Those who know his DAD, as this boy calls him, will appreciate this composition, and those who read this and do not know Hon. George G. Currie are told that he is an *Old Timer* in Palm Beach County. He was one of the original developers of this section, and be it known, can be said *without contradiction*, has done more than any other *one individual* to develop Palm Beach County and its vast resources.

Here is the composition:

"COMPOSITION. My name is Angevine Currie. I live in Jefferson Park and my house is on the lake front. I have to "ware" GLASSEYES and I do not like it. I was born in Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, in a Japanese hospital. BANZAI is the name they give to all the baby's. It means "welcome" or "long live the King" and that name STUCK to me. All the boys call me BANZAI because I do not like Angevine. My Dad is a LOYER. He used to sell land but he does not do much of that now. He writes POEATRE and has lots of books published. His name is Geo. G. Currie. The End.

As a further demonstration of Banzai's literary inclination, the following is a poem that he wrote after many interlineations for his delighted teacher:

COLUMBUS.

- C* stands for the cash that the Spanish Queen gave,
To let great Columbus sail over the wave.
- O* stands for the ocean so broad and so deep:
The far land it washed was sure worth a heap.
- L* stands for the old land Columbus must leave,
When he sailed round the world new land to achieve.
- U* stands for the U. S. that would not be here,
If Columbus had failed his course west to steer.
- M* stands for the men that he needed for crew
When he sailed in the year fourteen-ninety-two.
- B* stands for his three boats not any too strong,
Some people now say that they all were built wrong.
- U* stands for word "up" on the mast so high,
Where the lookout was watching new land to espy.
- S* stands for San Salvador the Isle that he found
On which he knelt proudly and for joy kissed the ground.

FRANCIS ANGEVINE CURRIE.

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SONGS OF FLORIDA.

FLORIDA MY HOME.

Eternal Summerland! To thee
My dragging mem'ry strays,
To revel near thy Southern sea
And stretch my honeyed days;
Thy silv'ry springs, thy silent streams
Are mirrored on my heart
Tho' far I toil, my faithful dreams
Refuse from thee to part.

I love each lake and evergreen
From Suwannee to the Keys,
I love each piney woodland scene—
E'en wastes of sand can please;
Romance and legend win applause
For many a mound and glade;
While sentiment fills ev'ry pause
Thy mocking birds have made.

Sweet land of flow'rs and whisp'ring palms,
Of Oleanders fair,
Thy fragrance and thy healing balms
Relieve me of my care;
Till all forgot the fleeting years
And ageing limbs uncouth;
De Leon's quest in thee appears—
Thou bourne of endless youth!

What matter if mere wealth takes wing;—
To live is riches there.
The luscious fruits thy gardens bring
Are feasts the gods might share.
I need not fear the Northern blast
When thro' thy groves I roam;
So take me back for aye to rest
In Florida, my home.

TALLAHASSEE.

On the red hills of old Leon Tallahassee sits as queen,
Winning subjects of whoever comes her guest;
From her heights in all directions such a royal view is seen
That we wonder was there ever place so blest.

On the streets the bearded liveoaks stretch around their hoary
arms
Blending beauty with the shadows that they throw;
And the sun forever shining helps to spread his tropic charms
As beneath the shady boughs we come and go.

Roses white and red and crimson and the pink crepe myrtle
bloom
Scatter round each home the loveliest of hues;
While magnolias and mimosas fill the air with their perfume
Till the luxury of living cures the blues.

Storied hills and fertile valleys vie to make one's life worth
while,

And we saunter forth as student or as sage:

Here are fields of corn and cotton reaching out for many a
mile—

Over there Wakulla fumes in smouldering rage.

Here pecan and fig trees blossom, there swing stalks of sugar
cane;

Pomegranates add their lustre where they may;

And the air we breathe is laden with a conquest over pain,

And an atmosphere of honor gilds the day.

This is where the Prince lies buried—he who sought for quiet
spot

In the evening of his days to flee the world:

Just beside him sleep the soldiers who for us and glory fought,

And who died beneath the Southland's flag unfurled.

Yonder crest is where the chieftain after whom the Town is
named

And the braves he led to battle used to dwell;

While surrounding lies the County that, in justice surely,
claimed

A name that youth eternal would compel.

On the red hills of old Leon Tallahassee sits as queen,

Winning subjects of whoever comes her guest;

The Capital of Florida she reigns by merit's sheen:

And her poet pays his tribute with the rest.

THE COUNTRY WHERE DREAMS COME TRUE.

Some people who grovel in workaday life,
From birth in the North to the death;
Whose outlook is darkened by worry and strife,
And stormclouds that limit their faith:
In fitfullest slumber are sometimes caressed
By dreams of a home in the blue,
Where care finds surcease and each mortal is blest—
In a country where dreams come true.

But they wake and alas, life still threatens drear—
Surroundings are dull as before;
They groan that now burdens seem harder to bear—
The vision itself they deplore.
Till haply they hear of a land in the South,
That perennial flowers bestrew;
Where the aged may hope for renewal of youth,
And the young find their dreams come true.

Then if they are wise they will fill up their grip—
Say goodbye to ice and to snow;
Get aboard of fast airplane for nice little trip,
And to tropical climate will go.
The cold and the sleet and the worrisome care,
The struggle with bugs and the flu,
Left well in the discard as Palm Beach they near:
In the country where dreams come true.

There wealth waits the man with the nerve to invest
In its acres of climate and sand;
There youth in warm mantle of unending rest
Receives you with magical wand.
There loveliness opens its arms in delight,
And pleads for real lovers to woo—
There ev'rything happens e'er dreamed of at night—
In the country where dreams come true.

For Florida fair with its healthgiving air
Its palms and its fruit and its flowers,
Is the hope of the world as a solace for care—
Is the storehouse of heavenly powers.
So all you wild dreamers—You folks who aim high!
When winter makes bleak every view!
Let the birds lead you on, while the gods hover nigh,
To the country where dreams come true.

MIAMI'S GREAT SHOW.

They may talk of the World's Fair at Paris,
And the sights that were there to be seen;
They may think that Chicago could harass
And make smaller ventures look mean:
But we know that they all are mistaken;
Such exhibits will scarcely compare—
(If the same things from each should be taken)—
With Dade County's winter-grown Fair.

What with orange and grapefruit and lemon,
With tangerine, pawpaw and lime;
With pineapple, pepper, persimmon
And mango (to keep up the rhyme)
With compe, kohl-rabi, cassava,
Figs, dates, pomegranates in store,
Sapodillo delicious and guava,
And mellow bananas galore.

With pears avocado, tomatoes,
And turnips and lettuces sweet;
With plantains, peas, beans and potatoes
With cocoanut, olive and beet;
With cauliflower, carrot and onion
And cucumbers juicy and cool;
With corn—yes, but not any bunion—
(Which is named to keep metre in rule.)

What with parsnips and parsley and Dutch-like
Green cabbage and celery head;
Asparagus, spinach and such like
And strawberries, luscious and red;
What with sugar cane, melon and kumquat;
With pumpkins of every grade;
With egg-plants and okra and what not;
All grown in the gardens of Dade.

All ripened by tropical sunshine,
And seasoned with Everglade dew;
Such trophies from hammock and high pine
On no other soil ever grew;

Let them talk of Chicago and Paris
Let them even take Eden in tow—
But nothing they say can embarrass
Or belittle Miami's Great Show.

MISTAKES OF THE MUSES.

(Editor Miami News:

For several years, Dr. Blackman has represented the Times-Union and Citizen (of Jacksonville) at Miami. He, in the course of this time, has sent many articles to this office on the agricultural and horticultural possibilities of Dade County, and made statements based on what was supposed to be facts—but our blue pencil worked overtime in cutting down and out what was supposed to be extravagant statements, and as we try to make the columns of the Times-Union and Citizen truthful, we slashed liberally. But now I come to make a very frank, open apology to Dr. Blackman because of the injustice done him in the past, and the Dade County Fair brought about this penitence.

What if Dr. Blackman had written for the Times-Union and Citizen, a descriptive article of the products displayed there, confining himself to the truth literally, and forwarded to the editorial department without my knowledge of this wonderful exhibition? I would have cut it down one-half, slashed out with the cold-blooded blue pencil all about the big cabbage, Irish potatoes, squash, ripe watermelons, celery, and many other things—but now—we shall print all that the Doctor writes. Forgive us. He has been telling the truth these many years and we have sinned. Yours,

GEO. W. WILSON.

IN MEMORIAM E. V. B.

(Before the Fair)

Here *lies* Brother Blackman, who in death as in life
Still holds to the habit that caused him such strife;
If the soil where he's planted is rich, as he said,
Then look out for more lies—he'll not long be dead.

(After the Fair)

Requiescat in Pace.

Since the words above written were cut in cold stone
The Miami Fair makes all Florida moan.
Salt tears to scared eyes now for Blackman are welling:
For sure he'll be back here—t'was truth he was telling.

FACTS FROM AFAR.

So fierce the heat 'neath Tropic skies,
When night, its cap has doffed;
Folks have to feed their hens on ice
To get their eggs boiled soft.

THE BELLE OF JACKSONVILLE.

(Verses in honor of a young Jacksonville lady who expressed, in the author's hearing, a keen desire to become a successful actress.)

Oh have you heard tell of the lovely Juanita,
Whose beauty has made her fair Jacksonville's belle?
Whose brown fulsome locks crown a form so complete—ah!
That ev'ryone vies of her virtues to tell.

Her eyes speak a language surpassingly tender;
Her rich tinted cheeks teach the roses to glow;
Her sweet luscious lips add their quota of splendor,
And make fair Juanita the source of wild throe.

Oh have you heard tell of the lovely Juanita?
If not, let me sing you a song in her praise;
For surely in all the wide world there's no sweeter—
Her smile could give sheen to the sun's brightest rays.

The lovely Juanita! Fit bride for Apollo!
Whose aim is so earnest it keeps her heart pure:
Here's wishing success her loved Thespes to follow,
Till she is a "star" that will ever endure.

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR.

That New York policemen and Florida fleas,
Have one trait in common the country agrees;
When anxious to find them, despite all your panting,
It's certain as Fate, you'll find both to be wanting.

THE FORT MYERS BOOSTER.

He was a Fort Myers booster:
His eye with radiance shone:
He swore that such another town
The world ne'er looked upon.

I said: 'Tis true your Royal Palms
Your live oaks old and wide;
Your citrus groves and such like things,
Are not to be defied.

Caloosahatchie banks are green;
Your fishing wins the bet:
But I am from Missouri, Friend;
You have to show me yet.

Conclusion filled his radiant eye—
He needed but a word—
Said He: We are the winter home
Of Edison and Ford.

MY MISTAKE AND HER TREAT.

Once in Jacksonville's big station
I sat waiting for my train;
When a lady just behind me
Started speaking in this strain:
"Tallahassee, Osceola, Okeechobee, Pahokee,
"Chokaloskee, Homosassa, Okahumpka, Suwanee,
"Sarasota, Colohatchee, Chuluota, Ocoee,
"Okaloosa, Micanopy, Watchineka, Hicpochee——"

I grew fearful of her symptoms,
And said: "Miss, what can I do?
"For, from every indication,
"You would seem to have the Flu."
But with eyes fixed on the ceiling,
Heedless of the words I said;
She continued with her story,
Like a message from the dead:
"Withlacoochee, Istachatta, Hypoluxo, Olustee,
"Chattahoochee, Ocklawaha, Weekiwachee, Kissimmee,
"Ojus, Humbuggus, Wabasso, Panasoffkee, Illahaw,
"Tampa, Tomoka, Palatka, Tokosee and Holopaw——"

This is serious! Here's a woman
Far from those who hold her dear:
She's demented; and my duty
Is her homeward course to steer,
So I said: "Excuse me, Madam,
"My unseemly haste forgive:
"But at once inform me plainly
"Where it is you used to live:"
"Istokpoga, Wacasassa, Ocklokonee, Lacoochee,
"Tahopekaliga, Nittaw, Ocala and Narcoossee,
"Immokallee, Thonotosassa, Apalachicola, too,
"Miccosukee, Loxahatchee"— and some more I won't
go through.

For just then I saw her holding
In her hand a student's chart:
And discovered she was learning
Local Indian names by heart.

SPEECH

prepared for a performing attendant at an Old Maid's Convention at West Palm Beach where a patent machine remade old maids in view of the audience into anything they wanted to be.

Behold me, citizens of Dade;
I used to be an ancient maid;
I had no charms that I could flaunt
To win your love, or foil your taunt;
My num'rous smiles were all in vain
A man,—a man I could not gain.
But thanks to yonder dextrous twist
I'm now sixteen and not yet kissed.

IN MEMORIAM, JOE JEFFERSON.

Joe Jefferson has passed away,
Immortal "Rip" has had his day;
At fair Palm Beach he loved so well,
By 'old Atlantic's ebb and swell,
He paid the debt that all must meet,
His kindly smile no more we'll greet.
The fish he sought from yonder pier,
Will never more his castings fear:
The canvases his hand made live
Now lie inert, no more to thrive;
Within our mem'ries still may dwell,
The stories that he used to tell:
But he is gone. In sunset glow
His Curtain falls: Farewell, dear Joe.

DE EAS' COS' GAL.

De Key West gal hab de rolligest eye
Dat rolls like a schooner in a storm;
But de Jacksonville gal, if she's not so fly,
Is just a little might more warm.

CHORUS:

Oh, de Eas' Cos' gal am de gal for me
I tells you for a fack;
And if you got de money
And you wants "you little honey"
De Eas' Cos' gal am brack.

De St. Augustine gal hab de clingigest lip,
And she uses it all de time:
But Miami's gal hab de sure enough grip,
Dat holds you till you think she's prime.

Ft. Lauderdale's gal hab de kinkiest hair,
And you just want to help it kink:
But Daytona's gal hab de haughtiest air
As she gives de darkies de wink.

De Delray gal is de gal dat works
And she'll labor thro' thick and thin;
While de Ft. Pierce gal all labor shirks:
But she hab de dimplinest chin.

De Pompano gal and de Titusville gal
Are de gals dat can sing de best;
While de Cocoa gal and de Stuart belle
Hab de style when you see 'em drest.

But de gal dat really burns yo' arm
When around her waist you reach;
Is de gal dat hab de cake walk charm—
De gal from gay Palm Beach.

DELRAY TO PROSPER IN SPITE OF THE DEVIL.

(Delray, a Michigan Colony not far from Palm Beach in which the author tried his fortune as a Developer was a pace setter in the two reforms now accomplished viz Prohibition and Women Suffrage.)

The Devil came to me one night in my dreams,
And addressed me with fire in his eye,
And asked me why I was frustrating his schemes,
And assured me his vengeance was nigh.

With the utmost of meekness I told the old gent,
He surely had made some mistake;
I had no intent to do aught he'd resent
And I could not recall any "break."

Said he (and his words fairly sizzled with heat)

“You are helping to prosper my foe;

“You are building up places where I have no seat—

“In fact, am denied the least show.”

“Denied the least show! Where you have no seat!

“What mean you great Satan I pray?”

“I mean,” and blue flames seemed to stream from his
feet,

“*You are making a town of Delray!*”

“Me make a town! Don’t fool yourself Nick,

“I’m simply the handmaid of Fate.”

“Too true,” said the Devil, “and that makes me sick,

“And is why I now threaten my hate.”

“So remember, though Hell cannot stop Delray’s growth

“Because it is bound to succeed.

“Unless *you* desist (and then followed an oath)

“I’ll get knockers to make you give heed.”

“Then,” said I, “If Delray is dead sure of success,

“I care not a straw for your threat:

“Let the knockers begin with their knocks and their din,

“I can stand it if they can *you bet.*”

With this parting thrust I awoke, and behold!

Old Nick had quite vanished away;

But he made good his threat, for his agents are yet

Knocking vainly *Fast Growing Delray.*

REMEMBER OLUSTEE.

Invaders! Invaders! Remember the day
That Florida met you in battle array;
Remember Olustee, and what it has shown:
Remember how Crackers hold on to their own.

Behold on the battlefield, stately and grand,
The shaft that commemorates "Florida's Stand";
Where facing the enemy, one to their three,
The enemy found it expedient to flee.

To flee in disorder, but flee as they may—
With baggage behind them as prize of the fray;
While strewn o'er the path where they hastily fled,
Lie bleeding and ghastly their dying and dead.

Be warned, proud contender! tho' true as the sky,
The sword is no argument hallowed on high;
And if you have wrongs that you fain would set right,
Let us reason about it—for we, too, can fight!

Invaders! Invaders! Remember the day
We Crackers met with you in mortal affray!
Remember Olustee and what it has shown!
Thus Florida ever will hold to her own.

THE FESTIVE MOSQUITO.

The festive mosquito flits idly around;
His plaintive falsetto makes music abound;
His travels about me I anxiously trace—
Then quickly salute with a slap on my face.

But no! he evades me; with angelic tread
I now feel him buzzing just over my head:
My hairs rise to meet him and quick as a wink,
My hand rises likewise and hits me a blink.

Once more I'm too tardy and far out of reach
My filmy musician stills essays to preach;
Till fainter and fainter—At last I'm alone
Of which fact I'm glad though it does not atone.

In silence I chuckle to think I am free,
And gloat o'er the distance away he must be:
When hist: That's my ankle! Oh Lord! what a bite!
And foot kicks at foot in a desperate fight.

But blows on one's head and slaps on one's cheek,
And kicks on one's shins make one feel like a freak;
So fully enraged and with fire in my eye,
I vow my tormentor must certainly die.

His sweet dulcet tones set me on the alert;
And soon I inveigle him on to my shirt;
I wait till he's steady absorbing his meal——
Then down comes my hand with a murderous zeal.

I got him, by Jupiter! Now he's "done gone"!
But p'raps I had better have let him sing on!
For lo! on the place where my victim late stood,
My spotless white shirt is splashed with *my blood*.

ODE IN ANTICIPATION OF THE DRAINAGE AND
OPENING OF THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES
COUNTRY TO SETTLEMENT.

They are coming! They are coming!
Don't you hear their measured tread?
They are coming by the thousand
In their search for daily bread;
From the far off Rocky Mountains,
From Pacific's shining strand,
Come the echoes of their marching
To the happy promised land:
As they travel through the darkness,
With the Tropic Moon for lamp,
Over fields of corn and cotton
Can't you hear the heavy tramp?

They are coming! They are coming!
And their hopes are fixed and sure;
They are coming 'neath the frost line
Where the summer suns endure;
From the storm-swept Western prairie;
From the Northern snowy plain;
To the land of milk and honey—
To the land of youth and gain.
Hark to yonder springing footsteps!
Hear the laughter and the glee!
As they come in bands together
To the clime from Winter free.

They are coming! They are coming!
And we cannot change their course;
They have heard about the Glade land,
And each other sure resource.
O'er the classic Swanee River
They are coming by the score;
So we'd better make the best of it
And encourage them galore:
For the time has come to hustle
And get ready for the fray—
As the long night vigil's ended
And it's now Floridian Day.

SWEET LILLIAN ST. CLAIR.

(A lady artist from Duluth who visited Palm Beach during "the season" and who agreed on one occasion to paint the Author's picture In grateful return for this promise, the following poem was composed.)

Oh, wist ye who has come to town,
With broad-brimmed hat and classic gown,
And most impressive air?
A pretty tourist, who, forsooth,
Has won the palm for far Duluth;
Sweet Lillian St. Clair.

And wist ye what she's come to do,
With brush and pallet (for a clue)
And large grey soulful eyes?
She's come to paint a portrait fine
With living touch and beauteous line—
A real artistic prize.

And wist ye who it's going to be
Will sit (and gaze upon her free)
And have his picture starred?
'Twill be— Oh Joy! Oh Bliss Supreme!
Oh acme to Poetic Dream!—
Your undeserving bard.

And wist ye what will happen then—
As sure as bards are mortal men
And worship maidens fair?
While she on canvas does her part,
He'll be engraving on his heart
Sweet Lillian St. Clair.

FOLLOW THE CROWD.

(Plant and Flagler were contemporary developers of Florida, Mr. Plant having built up Tampa and St. Petersburg on the West Coast, and Flagler having discovered and with his railroad, made possible Palm Beach on the East Coast.)

In Jacksonville station once, Flagler met Plant
Each on his way South for a Winter time jaunt;
Said Plant unto Flagler in jocular speech:
“Where, sir, can you tell, is the place called Palm Beach?”
Then Flagler retorted most woefully loud:
“If you’re really in earnest, sir, “follow the crowd.”

IN THE PINEWOODS.

When sore contentions drive me from the throng
Of struggling humans in life’s maddening din;
And I am surfeited with care and sin,
And fain would banish from the world its wrong:
I know no happier place—no holier bourne,
Than in the pinewoods far from haunt of man;
Where even echoes enter under ban,
And I’m consoled whichever way I turn.
There may I wander close to Nature’s heart,
With every pulse attuned to feel its throb;
There may each sigh and passion-laden sob
Find silent balm to purge the cruel dart:
There all inspired I need no written word
To know I pace the cloisters of the Lord.

WHERE PROSPERITY BECKONS.

The above words presented by Mr. J. B. O'Hara were selected by the members of the West Palm Beach Board of Trade after a spirited competition as the Slogan of the Town, the initials W. P. B. covering both the city and its motto.

If you'd get within reach of what Hope fondly reckons
Come to live West Palm Beach—Where Prosperity Beckons;
To its stores come the wealth of plantation and grove;
The Glades yield it tribute from farm and from drove;
Through its Inlet sail vessels from faraway clime,
To trade off their cargoes for grapefruit and lime;
Its markets are full of the things that men crave—
Whether grown on the land or enticed from the wave;
While its gardens are bowers of perennial bloom,
And you bask 'neath its palms in a world of perfume.

Its most healthful Lake Worth lined with beautiful homes,
Is an unfailing lure to each tourist that roams;
And its wonderful roads draw the motormen strong,
Who, ere they depart, are heard singing its song.
On the hill, like a crown, sits loved learning's high seat,
With a ballfield surrounding that cannot be beat;
While beyond Royal Park, should you feel in the notion,
You can bathe in the breakers of Gus' cool ocean:
So, if you'd attain to what hope fondly reckons—
Come to fair West Palm Beach—Where Prosperity Beckons.

PONCE DE LEON'S MISTAKE.

In search of youth across the watery main,
In ages past de Leon sailed from Spain;
He steered his course to Florid's sunny land,
Where Indians, pointing to its flowery strand,
Assured him: "Here your search will not be vain,
"Rest for awhile and youth you must regain."
But all too eager in his grand desire:
He could not rest—he could not quench his fire—
He must at once be young lest Death, the pest,
Should creep upon him in his idle rest:
So pressing on—as others still are fain
In futile search for what by rest they'd gain—
He passed at length beyond our healthful clime
And died a victim of his fire sublime.

EPITAPH ON A POPULAR FRIEND (WHO FOR YEARS SERVED AS A PALL BEARER AT NEARLY EVERY FUNERAL AT PALM BEACH).

Here lies M. E. Gruber— our endless reproach!
For year's we have urged him Death's lair to encroach;
Till now grown accustomed to bearing our palls,
At last in his own grave he carelessly falls:
But since he's departed what will his friends do?
Unless they quit burying for want of a crew.

NAPOLEON B. BROWARD.

*Captain of the "Three Friends," Sheriff of Duval County,
Governor of Florida and United States Senator.*

When in the ages that have yet to come,
Floridian youths peruse historic page,
Keen to select with Time's truth-telling guage
The Native Son whom highest heights had clomb;
On pinnacle most high they'll find the name
Of BROWARD—he who from humble backwoods home
Went forth without one saving grace to roam,
And seeking fortune won eternal fame.
A diamond in the rough—he hewed his way
In Florida's behalf o'er many a snare;
And with untiring zeal he fought the fray
That landed him at last in Governor's chair;
There first beginning that which never fades:
THE RECLAMATION OF THE EVERGLADES.

THE TRAMP'S APPEAL TO TIME.

Turn backward, turn backward, Oh Time in thy flight;
Give me some cash again, just for tonight;
Give me one chance, my lost wealth to redeem,
Let me once more take a plunge in the stream.

Far from the bypaths that addle one's brain,
Far from the habits that lead one insane:
Give me, oh give me, one life giving choice—
Help me to take the right step and rejoice—

Never again would I ever be broke;
Never again would I booze, fight or smoke;
If I could just get my groceries and rent
Never again would I squander a cent.

Into a bank that I know would not break
I would deposit each dime that I make;
And when my dimes into dollars had grown
Safely I'd plant them in lumber and stone.

Now I can see what I long should have seen;
Now I can be what I long might have been;
Give me the coin! Dear Old Time, while you may—
Then watch me purchase a lot in Delray.

MARGUERITE.

Upon the banks of Tampa Bay,
Lives one I've learned to love;
'Tis not her beauty led the way—
Though few like her may prove.
It is the sorrow she has known;
The future she must meet;
That wins me from a heart of stone
To love sad Marguerite.

Her plenteous mass of raven hair,
I stroke with pity's hand;
Her great big eyes, wet with despair
My sympathies command.

The rank injustice of the world,
I curse with lover's heat;
And wish the red flag wide unfurled
Avenging Marguerite.

For she has led a noble life
Of loyalty and truth;
But as an all too trustful wife
She suffered fate uncouth.
Again beloved—again deceived—
With treachery complete:
Who blames me that I grow aggrieved,
And sigh with Marguerite?

But though so tried she's stood the test;
And still retains her charm;
Her earnest face—her throbbing breast—
Her graceful, willowy form:
And I rejoice that Tampa Bay
Still nurtures one so sweet;
For in my heart I feel the sway
Of grief-torn Marguerite.

THE MAYOR'S SOLILOQUY.

(This parody on Shakespeare was caused by an ultimatum received by the Government of W. P. B. from the owners of the town light plant, demanding a new charter with higher rates or they would go out of business.)

Lights or no lights—that is the question;
Whether it is wiser for the town to suffer
The shades and dangers of unlighted roadways,
Or to grow humble e'er the darkness whelms us
And by our contract end it. To doubt, to wait—
No more! And by a wait to say we prove
The company bluffing, and the light still shining
As it was used to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To doubt, to wait;
To wait, perchance to know. Ah, there's the rub!

For in that doubtful wait, the lights all gone
And darkness like the tomb surrounding all
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the threats and taunts of wealth,
The attorney's wrong, the manager's contumely,
The slams at aldermen, the half power lamps,
The general cussing out of all who dare expose them,
When by a wait we might prove wealth a bluffer:—
But for the dread that after all our waiting
Out goes the light and leaves us all a'groping:—
Groping for years in somber expectations
To find some meeker wealth to light the town
For nothing. 'Tis this thought puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear the ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of.

IN MEMORY OF IRENE.

*Commemorating the death at West Palm Beach, Florida, of my
bride of but two short months.—AUTHOR.*

They have laid her away 'neath the sheltering pines,
In the garments in which she was wed;
On her tresses of ebon a rose-wreath reclines—
Like a crown on fair princess's head.
By the sound of Atlantic's weird nuptial march,
Near the orange blossoms' odorous breath,
With a tropical sky for hymeneal arch,
She today lies the consort of Death.

But stricken and cheerless I wander forlorn,
Of the true heart that loved me bereft;
The happiest bridegroom but yesterday morn—
Now the saddest of mourners is left;
While her love words in echo yet linger around
While the rays of her smile are yet bright—
I awake with a start from the pleasure profound,
To behold my life robbed of its light.

She is gone, she is gone! And in desolate mood
I would fain force my way to her side;
Through the shadowy gates I would press if I could
To again clasp my beautiful bride.
All the future without her is hidden in gloom;
E'en the past chides with memories keen:
While the merciless present makes welcome a doom
That will lead to my lovely Irene.

WHERE LOUISA DWELLS.

Though the rolling and the tumult of a busy, busy world
Fall with tedium unending on my ear;
Though the gayest city's gayeties* around my way are whirled,
Till the hours seem almost spent before they're here:
Still my thoughts find time to wander to a cottage far away,
Where the whippoorwill its homely story tells;
And there by fairies' favor I commune the happy day
Where Louisa dwells.

Through the smoky haze of distance, over ocean wild and wide,
I can hear Lake Hypoluxo lap its banks;
And can see the royal pompano leap glistening from its tide
To fright the eddying mullet from their pranks.
At the beach a dear form lingers and the very waves grow
calm,
As she reaches in their depths to gather shells;
And dainty zephyrs gossip of her graces with a palm—
Where Louisa dwells.

Tropic nighttime freights its breezes with a scent of ripening
pines;
And a fragrance floats from guava groves in bloom;
As I stroll mid oleanders 'neath a moon that peerless shines:
Or pause within palmetto's welcome gloom:
For methinks my arm encircles a queen of Eve's fair race
While all the ills of life her smile dispels:—
So who can blame my dreaming of that enchanting place
Where Louisa dwells.

**Composed while sojourning in Paris, France. Hypoluxo is the Indian name for Lake Worth, the beautiful sheet of water where Palm Beach reigns as a queen.*

SEMINOLE SUN DANCE SONG.

(This song, which has been set to music by Mrs. Knechtli has been declared official by the Officers of the Annual Celebration held at West Palm Beach, under the name of the Seminole Sun Dance.)

First natives are we of fair Florida land;
Our forefathers found it and tilled its white sand;
Our young men roamed o'er it in search of wild game;
Our maids kept its tepees and kindled its flame:

Yo-ho-ee, yo-ho-ee, yo-ho-ee, ho-ho:
That we love our country we want all to know;
Its forest and prairie and ocean and stream
Yield wealth while we waken and bliss while we dream;
With malice to none we encounter no foe:
Yo-ho-ee, yo-ho-ee, yo-ho-ee, yo-ho.

Our braves once on war path spilled rivers of gore,
Their belts were entangled with scalplocks galore;
But now in Earth's bosom their tomahawks rest:
While they've gone to Hunting-grounds held for the blest.

As Seminole dancers we greet you today;
The past with its warwhoops is long laid away;
We sing you a welcome—the peace pipe we pass—
Come here and increase like the blades of the grass.

The Sun in its glory shines down from on high;
He looks on us all with wise all-seeing eye;
To white men and red men he gives equal chance:—
So why not as brothers join hands in the dance?

IN HONOR OF DR. JOHN GORRIE.

THE INVENTOR OF ARTIFICIAL ICE.

(This poem was published before a statue of Gorrie was actually placed in Statuary Hall at Washington.)

Give him a niche in the temple of Fame
Give him his place and enhallow his name!
He, who in love for his suffering kind,
Lent them the use of his wonderful mind;
Pointed the way by unheard of device
To make in the Tropics the purest of ice.

Give him a niche! May his name never die!
Build him a monument stately and high.
Who, in the ages has equalled his thought?
Who, for his fellows such solace has brought?
Think of the troubles his skill has allayed!
Think of the inroads on pain he has made.

Give him a niche and enshrine it with flowers!
Honor the man with divinity's powers!
He who, no matter how sultry the day,
Drove from damp foreheads the fever away:
Pay quick the tribute that nobody shuns,
To GORRIE—greatest of Florida's sons.

THE BATTLE OF THE QUEENS

(*St. Petersburg is the Queen winter resort of the West Coast of Florida while Palm Beach claims that distinction on the East Coast.*)

Said proud St. Pete to gay Palm Beach,
We always practice what we preach;
We advertise in accents clear
We have the *sunshine* over here.

Said gay Palm Beach to proud St. Pete;
Your happy boast we think quite neat;
But when we're sad and feeling blue—
We boast some *moonshine* with us too.

Said proud St. Pete to gay Palm Beach,
To take things easy's what we teach;
On our main street great benches lay,
Where tourists while the livelong day.

Said gay Palm Beach to proud St. Pete,
'Tis generous your folks to seat;
With us such pleasures still abound—
There is not time to sit around.

Said proud St. Pete to gay Palm Beach,
You surely think you are a peach;
But listen jade, and hear the truth:
We have at hand the Fount of Youth.

Said gay Palm Beach to proud St. Pete,
What you have got must be some treat;
But at our haunt of giddy sin,
We have no "old" to dip therein.

Said proud St. Pete to gay Palm Beach,
It's good for you you're out of reach:
We've got you beat without a doubt:
The world concedes we're best laid out .

Said gay Palm Beach to proud St. Pete,
To bandy words is most unmeet;
We're sorry you're "laid out," that's flat!
We thought you were less dead than that.

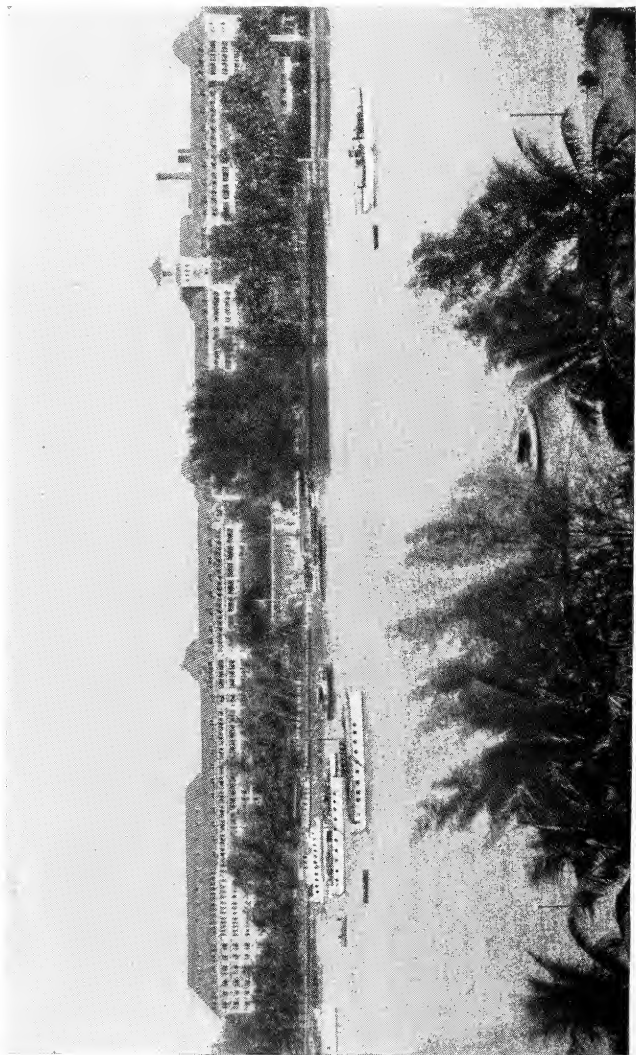
THE GROUNDS AROUND FORT DALLAS.

Time and tide waits for no man. At the time this poem was written Fort Dallas was surrounded by open fields. Now like Miami the city of which it is a part it has grown out of all resemblance to its former self. Even the one time Fort is now occupied as a residence.

Although I've been in foreign lands
and seen no end of sights;
Though fate has given me glorious days
and no less glorious nights;
Though fortune has been kind at times
and kept me free from care;
And I have had the luck to earn
some honors for my share:
Of all my rambles, palms and peace,
for those dear hours I sigh,
In the grounds around Fort Dallas,
with Miami gliding by.

I've climbed to snow-capped mountain peaks
from which great glaciers creep—
I've stood where sparkling waterfalls
have made their last rash leap;
I've seen the prairie in a blaze;
I've felt the earthquake's shock;
I've ventured near the breakers where
they've dashed against the rock;
But nature never seemed so grand
as when my love was nigh,
In the ground around Fort Dallas,
with Miami gliding nigh.

For there we sat beneath the palms,
and watched the long leaves swing;
We've talked about the Seminoles,
and Osseo their king:
We've gazed upon the battered fort,
and wished that it might tell,
Of wonders that its walls have seen—
of braves who fought and fell;
But best of all we've heard love's tale—
my sweet Irene and I—
In the grounds around Fort Dallas
with Miami gliding by.



HOTEL ROYAL POINCIANA AT PALM BEACH.

HOTEL ROYAL POINCIANA.

Royal Poinciana! Hostelry complete!

Monarch of Inns and chief of all resorts!

Within thy walls, about thy beauteous courts,
Meander guests from many a far retreat.

Luxurious ease upon the grandest scale

Presents itself to all who woo thy bliss;

Music and wine and mayhap Siren's kiss
Conspire to hold them in thy pleasant pale.

Strength, beauty, wisdom, coronets and power,

Are all attracted by thy multi charms;

And in their freedom from outside alarms
Inside thy gates would stretch each honeyed hour.

Diamonds and sparkling eyes in conflict rare,

Venus disdainful though Adonis pleads,

Statesmen and magnates in unstudied deeds,
Might well entice the most fastidious stare.

But these are merely items in the bill,

Relieved by backgrounds in some palm tree grove,

Where golfers gather, or where nimrods rove,
And catch complainings of the Whippoorwill.

Thy ball room floor, where happy couples meet,

With grace and chivalry revives the eyes;

Thy vast rotunda while "The Season" vies,
The world concedes is "Fashion's very seat."

Royal Poinciana! Millionaires' delight!

Goal of the tourist! Antipodes of care!

Where is there Inn that can with thee compare?
Where is resort where time makes quicker flight?

CAST UP BY THE SEA.

The corpse of a young woman having been washed ashore along the East Coast of Florida the sheriff was notified, but finding after investigation no clue to her identity to save expense he ordered the body buried in the sand close to the spot where it was found.

At Boca Ratone, where the beach is wide,
And the surf breaks fierce on the flowing tide;
From billowy depths as they toss and roar—
The form of a woman was washed ashore.

From billowy depths of unlimited sea—
How far she had come was a mystery!
No loved one had followed to whisper her worth—
To tell of her country—to tell of her birth.

Alone she had drifted from vacant deep—
Alone and all silent in Death's blank sleep:
'Twas nought to her now that the fickle wave
Had even refused her a watery grave.

Nor nothing indeed that the shifting sand,
And the unsought aid of a stranger's hand,
Had offered a haven of rest at last
On the flowery land where her corse was cast.

Whatever her story—how weary or sad,
How noble and earnest, how awful, how glad:
It is here at an end and the glancing foam
Weeps misty tears by her last, long home;

And the swaying palmettoes that shelter her bed,
To the winds make moan o'er the unknown dead;
While travelers hushed by the ocean's boom,
Hear sermons from God at that lonely tomb.

HEAR YE THE CALL?

Back to the Soil, my Brother!
Back to the simple life!
Back to the teeming furrow!
Back where true hope is rife!
Back to the Soil, I charge ye!
Nor ask me the reason why!
'Tis destined fate that soon or late
Who falters must surely die.

Back to the virgin forest
Back to the hammock sweet
Out of the spoil and sad turmoil
Out of the crime paved street.
Back and renew your virtue
Back and avert despair
In country life let voice of strife
Be consigned to its author's lair.

Back to the wholesome meadow!
Back to the waving corn!
Back from the darkling shadow!
Into the rosy morn.
Back to the fields of plenty!
Back to the healthy hoe!
Back or Beware! for the demon's snare
Is sorting for you its woe.

CHORUS:

Back from the Evil City—
From the lust and shame of crowds!
Back where there's chance of pity
Instead of the damp of shrouds!
Back to the farm and garden!
Back to the gleaming plow!
Back—or expect no pardon—
And the time to go is NOW.

MEET ME AT THE FAIR.

Meet me at the Fair, boys, meet me at the Fair;
All the county notables will certainly be there;
All the ladies beautiful—and all their work so fine—
All the county talks about—about the Fair will shine.
The earth with all its products of garden, field and grove;
The sea with all its hidden wealth; the sky, with all its love,
Are seen to great advantage 'neath flags of every hue;
And if you don't believe it, boys, just come, we'll prove it true.

Meet me at the Fair, boys, meet me at the Fair;
Come and get acquainted with our President Burguieres;
Come and see Sec. Conkling just order things around—
And watch our standby Woman's Club make eatables abound.
Come and hear orations great about plantation life,
How best to scrap with bugs and things, and conquer in the
strife:

Come and see the tourists' eyes like saucers open wide—
Then dance with sheer excitement at the sights on every side.

Meet me at the Fair, boys, meet me at the Fair;
Come and hear the roosters crow and see their wifies stare;
Come and watch the lowing herds and hear the pigies grunt,
And see the other living things do each his little stunt,
There's basket work and furniture and every kind of art—
From sunset views of tint divine to scrumptious apple-tart;
There's Palm Beach milk and honey, there's juice of cane and
such

In fact, what's at the County Fair is surely more than much. *

Then meet me at the Fair, boys, meet me at the Fair;
Let's do our duty while we may—and happy conscience wear;
Give all outlying neighbors a welcome to the town—
And let the farmers overlook fool talk of city clown.
The Fair is where we yearly meet in happy social time,
To learn the fruits of Tropic soil and spread its fame sublime;
So let us all get busy and do our honest share;
Meet me at the Fair, boys, The Palm Beach County Fair!

SONG OF THE EVERGLADES.

(These verses and everything pertaining to the Everglades in this book I inscribe to my friend Jules M. Burguières who more than any other living man has studied and made possible the way for the millions who will some day find fortune in what was so recently an unknown morass.)

You may sing of the Nile with its annual flood;
Of old settled countries intensively good;
You may sing of your mountains of silver and gold;
Of your mines where Earth's bowels rich treasures unfold;
You may sing of your coal, your oil and your wheat—
Of wealth in the making, of ills in retreat;

But list while I sing of a newly found land;
Reclaimed from the desert by human command;
That formerly served as wild haunt of the bear;
Where rattlers alone knew the crocodile's lair;
Where Seminole hunted and hid from his foes—
Nor dreamed that world progress must end his repose.

Where water for ages and ages has laid,
According to season in grass teeming glade;
Where rich vegetation has died year by year,
And mixed with the soil that has acted as bier;
Till now after aeons and aeons have gone,
'Tis most fruitful land on which sun ever shone.

I sing of the Everglades fertile and vast;
Fair Goddess of Plenty no myth has surpassed;
Now smiling devotion to all who will come
With seed to make pregnant her wonderful womb,
And promising fortune that Midas might crave
From breast that but lately was wooed by the wave.

I sing and I sing with the lustiest voice
Of a country that cattlemen vote their first choice;
Where corn in abundance will follow the plow;
Where cotton its kingdom will loudly avow;
And where luscious cane, if once given control,
Will make of the region one huge sugar bowl.

I sing and my song of a subject so sure,
Must live when its singer has ceased to endure;
Yet here he foregoes all pretensions to fame—
To life after death in poetical name—
Should the future declare this his prophecy wrong,
And the Everglades fail to respond to his song.

IN MEMORIAM MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM JENKINS
WORTH

Besides Trade's briskest, busiest way,
A granite shaft was brought,
To show each eye that passes by,
The battles he had fought.

In Indian wars—in Mexico—
Wherever duty called—
His sword was drawn to meet each foe;
Nor one had him appalled.

Such is the legend graved on stone
New York would have us hear;
And while that rock makes heard its talk,
Worth's fame may still appear.

But down in Florida there lies
A memory more secure—
A Lake that many travelers prize,
(Whose beauty must endure)

Was named for Worth and on its shores,
A town is built for fair,
Whose flags unfurled induce a world
To spend *mild winters* there.

Thus all who go to gay Palm Beach,
Of every race on earth,
From far off clime to end of time,
Will boast of General Worth.

"OH BOSS MAN, BLAST DAT TREE."

(The town of Mulberry on the west coast is the centre of the phosphate industry in Florida and as the labor in that important industry is very largely recruited from illiterate colored people, the white people of the neighborhood took drastic methods in the early days to insure that the lawbreakers got punished. A large mulberry tree still standing at a crossroads and which gave the name to the town, is riddled with bullets as a result of the drastic measures taken; and it is claimed that one refractory limb that stands threateningly out across the road at a convenient height has had six malefactors hanged upon it. The negro is generally conceded to be superstitious and that tree "gets his goat.")

Oh, Boss Man, blast dat tree,
Leave not a twiglet near,
Dere am no living darky free,
With such a hoodoo here.

Dem spreading limbs are signs
Dat keeps us niggahs down;
Dey "hant" us in de mines,
Befo' we reach de town.

Dey tell us ob de fate
Dat some black trash o'ertook,
And warn us soon or late
We, too, may get de hook.

Dat branch across de road
Seems like dat when it grew,
De Lawd its purpose know'd
And kep it running true.

If one ob us grows gay
And thinks he knows it all;
Dat tree gets in de way
And den we has a fall.

Daylight am bad enough,
But when de nighttime comes,
De spooks run such a bluff,
Dat tree like mountain looms.

So, Boss man, blast dat tree!
Spare not 'a single leaf!
Tho' *Abe made niggahs free,
Dat bush makes freedom brief.

AN EVERGLADE "REUB" ON FIFTH AVENUE.
AT THE RUSH HOUR.

I stood upon Fifth Avenue
And watched the crowds go by;
It surely was a wondrous view
As I scanned every eye.
The tall man and the short man,
The fat man and the lean,
The rich man and the poor man
And the many in between,—
All jostled past with footsteps loud
As tho they knew their way
To be replaced by newer crowd
Who would not brook delay.

*Abraham Lincoln.

An outcast here, a beggar there,
A negro or a chink;
An Indian or a foreigner
All passed me in a wink.
And flocks of girls with sparkling glance
And springing steps galore,
Intent on taking every chance
To pass the ones before,
Now pressing by some tardy mate—
Now at the crossing stopped.
Then on again with steady gait
Till at their home plate dropped.

Oh what a paramount parade!
(And yet 'tis every day)
'Twas only me from Everglade
Was held by the display.
Here ladies in the latest style.
With stockings made of silk
And collars—(but I have to smile—
They had none of that ilk);
Kept passing in the motley throng
Bewitching all who saw,
Yet puzzling those too prone to song
To keep within the law.

But here comes one who shambles past
Her days of style are gone;
The threadbare garments all outclassed—
The face thru paint shows wan:

The others who have glided by
Were merely out for show
But this poor girl with jaded eye
Must make attraction go:
While bread and butter is at stake
What matter of her soul?
She's forced some whispered pleas to make—
She has to flaunt her goal.

And now a man in khaki dressed
Makes every one feel brave.
A Bryant, Sims or Worth goes past;
A Greeley crests the wave.
A Whitman p'raps with shaggy beard
Stems Mannabattas stream.
Was that a Knickerbocker peered
Among the eyes that gleam?
A millionaire, a merchant smart,
A sailor on the roll;
A baby in its own go-cart
Its mother at the pole.

The steady everlasting tread
Of every kind of feet,
Across the sidewalk closely spread
Along that famous street,
Arouses wonder in the mind
What purpose have they all?
And does a hope of greatness find
In each the proper call?

Have all a chance to win in life?
Will love at any quail?
How many in the awful strife
Are fore-ordained to fail?

But I grow weary with the whirls—
And noise of honking cars;
The busses filled with staring churls
Upon my senses jars.
The flotsam and the jetsam knaves
Become a rolling sea;
I see the seething whitecap waves
Go tossing merrily.
I drop my philosophic ken
Then in the foam I dive:
And when I find myself again
I'm far from Avenue Five.

RUMINATIONS BY THE SIDE OF A FLORIDA
SHELL MOUND.

(AT NEW SMYRNA ON THE EAST COAST.)

Hail! wondrous preacher from the ages past!
Reminding mortals of their little span:—
Affording glimpses of the world's great plan,
Wherein by layers of shell, each race is classed.

Shell, in deep layers with earthy streaks between,
Whose blank oblivion wiped the last race out,
And made succeeding races even doubt
There had been other races on the scene.

Oh, what a fund of human love and lore
Is here suggested by your crumbling mound,—
Where rude utensils, that within are found,
Describe the makers who have gone before.

Unlike Egyptian Pyramids that show
Completion in one cycle by design,
Your heights without design have lain supine,
And taken many centuries to grow.

Who laid your base within old Mother Earth
Entirely reckless of a super pile?
Who scoured the beach for many a weary mile
To bring the quota that still proves of worth?

Was he a Merman or was he a Shade?
A Lilliputian or a Brobdignag?
Did lost Atlantis on some towering crag
Protect him till a landing here was made?

Was he a mariner from Europe tost?
Or did his ancestors from Asia spring?
And by migrations from the far north bring
His household gods to warm Floridian Coast?

Was there a Washington in that far time?
Or did he need a Lincoln to preside?
Did he have Caesars triumphing in pride
O'er subjugated nations, steeped in crime?

But why so curious? Is it not in line
That he has been here and has left his mark?
See where burnt shell and ashes prove the Spark
Promethean, his, that gave him power divine!

Was he a scion of the Aztec race?
Was he of peaceful or of warlike mould?
Came he like later Spaniard searching gold,
Or was he guided by the fleeting chase?

He left no Homer to enshrine his joy;
But here we read of him and know his place,
These are his records where within we trace
As valued information as we have of Troy.

But e'en such records, sacred tho' they are,
The present age seeks quickly to efface,
And for commercial ends, in great disgrace,
Will scatter on the highways near and far.

Centuries of centuries perhaps have passed
Since by your builders you began to rise:
But now profanely and before our eyes,
We see you leveled as we stand aghast.

Hold! Ruthless Vandals! Let the love of fame
Arrest your desecration and your greed:
Unto this hoary preacher, pray give heed
And scatheless keep each mound from local claim.

Can petty road, worn out ere yet in place,
Be compensation for so great a loss?
These are the Vedahs tho' o'ergrown with moss,
Wherein America its youth may trace.

If that same study that Pompeii demands
Were given unstinted to this teeming mound,
Who knows the wonders that may yet be found?—
What trophies tickle faithful worker's hands?

Hail! Frosted preacher of the ages sped!
I give you audience and your ruins scan;
Where, catching glimpses of the world's great plan,
I bow with reverence and uncovered head.

PALM BEACH, THE DELIGHTFUL

Palm Beach, the Delightful! Thou Mecca of Fashion
When winter has covered the Northland with snows;
Thou balmiest refuge that heavenly compassion
Has made from the rigors where Boreas blows.

Thou field of Elysium—where beautiful flowers
In lovely profusion perennially bloom,
Where orange blossoms languish in evergreen bowers
And spread on the air the most fragrant perfume.

Where croton beds vary the greensward surrounding
Or yield to phyllanthus in many a row;
Where palm trees with cocoanut bunches abounding
And Royal Poincianas luxuriantly grow.

Where guavas and mangoes the senses enravish—
Where pineapples offer a luscious repast;
Where marvelous sunsets—most brilliantly lavish—
With glories of tropical nighttime contrast.

Arcadian pleasures around thee are clinging;
Idyllic, ideal, unsurpassed is thy joy;
The paths through thy pinewoods where chipmunks are
springing
And red birds are peering might stoics decoy.

Palm Beach. The Delightful! Thou haunt of the Muses
Where fancy with fairies enpeoples each grove;
How oft in thy shadows—two willing recluses—
A dear one and I have heard echoes of love.

How oft by thy Lakeside in bliss have we wandered
And gazed on its waters so limpid and warm;
Where yachtsmen their leisure more lazily squandered
In fleets of white sail that all heightened thy charm.

How oft have we watched old Atlantic crash shoreward
And chase o'er thy sands in its maddening glee;
While bathers disporting with each wave rushed forward
Or dived in the depths of the outgoing sea.

How oft on thy avenue of proud oleanders
We've glided on wheels from the bridge to the pier;
Or taken the trail that thy forest meanders
To see how wild rubbers their gnarled roots rear.

How oft in the homes that about thee are scattered—
Entranced behind networks of ivy and vine—
Together we've lingered with friends who have flattered,
And praised them for prowess in garden design.

Palm Beach, The Delightful! For so all can prove thee;
Thou spot of the wide world where nature is kind;
Ah! Why is she gone? She who taught me to love thee!
Whose graces thy graces recall to my mind.

BUT FLORIDA THE BEAUTIFUL
IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.

You people from the East and West
Can talk about your grain,
Your monstrous mines of gold and coal—
Your wealth of hill and plain;
But I, who know what you have got,
And what we've got as well,
Am glad to let you keep each prize
That makes you vaunt and swell:
If you will only stop at that—
Or else come down and see
Why Florida the beautiful
Is good enough for me.

We are not long on snow capt peaks—
We get our ice by art;
We do not boast of factories
Whose owners have no heart;
We have no gambling stock exchange—
Our hurricanes are rare—
It's only through the telegraph
That we in earthquakes share;
Your teeming population sure
Is wonderful to see
But Florida the beautiful
Is good enough for me.

For Nature here provides a home
For every Mother's son;
We do not freeze our poor to death
As Northern climes have done;
Our Sun, the same throughout the year
Strikes no one to the ground
But grows the most delicious fruits
That anywhere are found;
We get a living—free to all—
From garden, grove and sea:
So Florida the beautiful
Is good enough for me.

The turpentine and phosphate camp
The cotton field and gin
Will give each honest laborer
An even chance to win.

And all around is happiness
And all around is calm
While birds sing from the sceptres
Of our waving Royal Palm.
You're welcome to your Snowflakes
And such other winter glee:
But Florida the beautiful
Is good enough for me.

INVITATION OF FLORIDA'S "BIG FOUR" TO
THE TOURISTS AND HOMESEEKERS
FROM THE NORTH.

Pensacola—

Pensacola bows her bow
Asks you have you seen her now;
With the prestige of the past
She her present would contrast:
And she calls in accents clear;
"Come ye fit and sojourn here.
"We're the City of the West;
"We've the future that looks best.
"Of the Gulf Coast we're the Queen;
"And our harbor's deep and clean.
"Lumber makes us rich and great.
"We're the envy of the State.
"Pensacola bids you come
"Where our Uncle Sam's at home."

Key West—

“Come ye Northmen to Key West;
“Ride the waves and be our guest,
“We’re a gem you’ll all admit,
“As along our shore you sit,
“Gazing idly o’er the sea—
Puffing weeds that aid our plea.
“Cuba—Nassau—yonder lies—
“Panama’s our latest prize.
“We’re the key that ope’s the door
“To far Amazonian store.
“Equatorial breezes blest
“Bid you tarry at Key West.
“Once on Grunts you have been fed
“And we know you’re ours till dead.”

Tampa—

Tampa says: “You’re welcome here
“To our land of sunshine clear;
“Keep your eye upon this spot;
“Learn what our great men have wrought;
“We are what Plant’s vision saw;
“We result from natural law;
“From De Soto’s time till now
“We have grown you must allow;
“And our growth, we thank our stars,
“Has been like our own cigars:—
“Nothing better ever was
“And for this there is a cause.
“Come, investigate and—well
“Test our Tampa Bay hotel.

Jacksonville—

Come, oh come, to Jacksonville;
See its loom and forge and mill;
Sniff the smoke that wreathes its sky!
List' its factory whistles cry;
Watch its ocean steamers land
Bringing trade from distant strand;
Hear the shriek of railroad train
Changing fruit for Northern grain;
Passing commerce to and fro
See its rustling burghers go;
Climbing up their buildings high
While their pennants outward fly
Take your pick of State goodwill
But forget not Jacksonville.

THE CITY OF FLOWERS.

(Address from the people of Palm Beach to their less favored Brethren in the North.)

All you who dread Winter with what it implies,
In the far away realms of Jack Frost;
And you who are stricken when Dame Nature dies,
And would fly from her snows at all cost;
And you, too, who toil, yet are tired of the strife,
And think you've earned leisure to spare;
And you who are seeking a new lease of life
But can find no environment fair;

Oh say, won't you come to our City of Flowers—
To our homes amid greensward and bloom;
Where, while o'er your bleak land the blizzard cloud
lowers,

We are basking in bowers of perfume.
Oh say, won't you come where the palms whisper low,
And the tall oleanders wave free;
Where the royal poincianas, in scarlet aglow,
Are bowing and beckoning to thee?

Oh, say, won't you come and enjoy, while you may,
The enchantment of Tropical skies;
And see the famed sunsets that hallow our day,
And the love-storied moonlight we prize.
Oh say, won't you come and breathe zephyrs of health,
In a bourne where youth ceases its flight;
Where the days creep upon us with unperceived stealth,
And we dream away care in a night?

Oh come, and be charmed with our redbird's bright
wing,
With the plumes of the lovely bluejay;
And list to the songs that the mockingbirds sing—
Feel the throb of our whippoorwill's lay.
Oh say, won't you come and be clasped in the brine,
Of the Southland's warm billowy wave,
As it flashes and glints in the merry sunshine,
Or breaks at our feet as we lave?

Won't you come and hook "kings" from our ocean-
swept pier?

Won't you troll for lake trout as we sail?
Won't you follow the fawn in our Everglades near;
And encamp on the Seminole's trail?
Or come, if you will, and be one at the feast,
That we offer of grapefruit and pine;
Of the orange and banana and mango—nor least,
Of the pear avocado divine.

Oh say, won't you come—or if Fashion's the wile
That must lure you from Boreal Blast;
We can boast in "The Season" society's smile
And of "functions" a daily repast.
Then come! Oh, do come! To our City of Flowers,
And partake of our bliss, we beseech!
In the North leave Earth's storms and exchange them
for showers
Of the Heaven that you'll find at *Palm Beach*.

GULF STREAM BOULEVARD.

Though Newport has its ten-mile drive
Along a rocky coast;
And other climes in other times
Their Appian ways could boast;
There is no road—I care not where—
Nor who its happy bard,
That may in Scenic wealth compare
With Gulfstream Boulevard.

From famed Palm Beach for mile on mile,
It skirts the sandy shore;
Now in, now out, by jungle route
We may its wilds explore:
From sea to lake from lake to sea,
Through grove and park and fen;
Now on the crest with eager zest—
Then in the dale again.

On one side blows the salty breeze:
While ozone zephyrs play
Above the glancing Southern seas
Where ocean liners stray.
The other side in varied hues
Presents a pleasing show,
Of ever changing tropic views
That round their glamors throw.

Of purple morning glory flowers;
Of blackeyed Susans sheen;
Of bright Lantana perfume bowers;
Of nodding redtopped bean;
Of seaoats that the briny laves;
Of oleanders fair—
Now bowing to the laughing waves
That fling their froth in air.

Here Spanish bayonets are filed
Like soldiers on parade;
There palm trees stand mid seagrapes wild
And yield a pleasant shade.

Great mansions nestling in the bloom
O'erlook old ocean's foam;
While mockingbirds use all but words
To cheer us as we roam.

And as along the well-oiled road
On motor car I speed;
With winsome Teenie à la mode
My hungry heart to feed.
Kaleidoscopic views unfurled—
Each featured with a kiss:
What pleasure in the wide, wide world
Is there to equal this?

Though Newport has its ten-mile drive
Along a rocky coast;
And other lands that think they thrive
Of Appian ways may boast:
There is no road, I care not where,
Nor who its happy bard,
That may in scenic wealth compare
With Gulfstream Boulevard.

THE STORY OF GREEN COVE SPRINGS.

(COMPOSED IN COLLABORATION WITH A. S.)

"Green Cove Springs" as moderns name you,
Comes your poet in his pride,
With desire intense to sing you
And to spread your wonders wide.

It is here, the Great Restorer
That old Ponce de Leon sought,
Has flown onward thro the changes
That the passing years have wrought.

And its thirty thousand gallons
That each minute gushes forth,
Have restored to health and vigor
All who came from south or north;

From the eastland or the westland,
From the mountain, sea or plain.
Thou hast touched each earnest comer
Till they've rose to strength again.

Down within your depths of azure
With its tints of vivid green—
Tiny caves of wondrous beauty—
Fairy grottoes may be seen.

And each passing cloud reflected
By your waters crystal clear,
Prove that smile or frown of nature
Faithfully is mirrored here.

Round about the weeping willows
Droop their boughs of silvery green,
Where the hurrying little "Spring run"
Laughs its mossy banks between.

Now behold the shining waters
Like a millrace leap and fawn
On their way to join the floodtide
In the river of St. John.

Here in ages past the Indian
Stopped untutored thirst to slake
With his swarthy squaw and papoose
Following ever in his wake.

Here it was that Osceola
(List the willows sigh his name)
With the daughter of an exile
On his wedding morning came.

Oh the beauty of that maiden
With her blend of black and red,
As in boughsomeness abounding
She her vows eternal said.

How the chieftain beamed upon her
As they drank thy fabled stream!
Little wist they that the morrow
Would confound their happy dream.

For beyond them in the shadows
Lurked a slaver's cruel crew,
Who with Government behind them
Stole the bride—nor left a clew.

Can you wonder oh ye waters!
That her loss a war began
That cost many years of struggle
And ten times a thousand men?

But again Great Springs of Green Cove
Peace surrounds your blissful shore;
And among your bearded live oaks
May it last forever more.

THE LAND OF THE MANGO.

(With apologies to the author of The Old Oaken Bucket)

Oh, dear to my heart is the land of the mango—
That beautiful country where flowers ever bloom:
Where mockingbirds sing while fair girls dance the tango,
And every one lives in a bower of perfume.
The ocean washed beaches—each slow moving river—
The lakes with their bosoms miraged in the sky;
The fruit laden orchards their leaves all a-quiver
Wherein the sweet mango in summer we spy.
 The bright fragrant mango,
 The golden cheeked mango,
 The sweet luscious mango,
 We often espy.

I know of no fruit on this earth that can match it;
That delicate mixture e'en Gods might enjoy;
That healthful elixir with fibers to catch it
And hold it in place till our teeth we employ.
How often in June 'neath a tree cool and shady.
I've sat and ate mangoes with one that I love,
While reeking with nectar I've flattered my lady,
And told her I hoped like a mango she'd prove.
A bright fragrant mango,
A golden cheeked mango,
A sweet luscious mango,
I hoped she would prove.

Yes, dear to my heart is the land of the mango,
When far to the Northward the tourists have flown;
And all of the homefolks have gone off who can go
And left those who don't go severely alone.
It's then that we gather by lake and by ocean,
Or nightly hunt turtle eggs hard by the shore;
It's then that to mangoes we show our devotion,
And comb from our teeth the sweet fibers galore.
The bright fragrant mango,
The golden cheeked mango,
The sweet luscious mango,
With fibers galore.

* *THE MANGO.*

Akbar, the Mughal emperor who reigned in northern India from 1556 to 1605, planted near Darbhanga the Lakh Bagh, an orchard of a hundred thousand mango trees. Nothing, perhaps, more eloquently attests the importance of this tree and the esteem in which it has long been held than this immense planting, made at a time when large orchards of fruit trees were almost unknown. Three hundred years after they were set out the English horticulturist, Charles Maries, found some of these trees still in vigorous condition.

Few other fruits have the historic background of the mango, and few others are so inextricably connected with the folk-lore and religious ceremonies of a great people. Buddha himself was presented with a

mango grove, that he might find repose beneath its grateful shade. The Turkoman poet, Amir Khusrau, whose grass-covered tomb is still venerated at Delhi, wrote to this effect in Persian verse during the reign of Mulhamman Tughlak Shah (1325-1351) :

The mango is the pride of the garden,
The choicest fruit of Hindustan.
Other fruits we are content to eat when ripe,
But the mango is good in all stages of growth.

In more recent times British authors have not hesitated in lavish praise on this oriental king of fruits. Fryer, in 1672, wrote regarding mangos that "The apples of the Hesperides are but fables to them; for taste, the nectarine, peach and apricot fall short." Hamilton, who wrote in 1727, went even farther than this. He declares "The Goa mango is reckoned the largest and most delicious to the taste of any in the world, and, I may add, the wholesomest and best tasted of any fruit in the world."

These few quotations will suffice to show the long established prestige of the mango in its native home. After the development of trade between India and the outside world, its cultivation spread to other countries. At the present time the mango is a fruit of greater importance to millions throughout the tropics than is the apple to temperate North America.

In the past twenty years choice budded or grafted varieties have been planted in FLORIDA and the West Indies, and the fruit has begun to appear in the markets of the north. The rich, spicy flavor of the mango, its peculiarly tempting fragrance, and the beautiful shades of color which characterize many varieties, make it one of the most attractive dessert fruits on the American market.

In many instances travelers have made the acquaintance of this fruit through some of the fibrous seedlings which abound in all parts of the tropical world, and as a result may have formed an aversion for it difficult to overcome. It is only in the superb grafted varieties of the Orient, the product of centuries of improvement, that the mango exhibits its best qualities. There is more difference between an ordinary seedling and a grafted Alphonse than there is between a crab-apple and a gravenstein.

Since the introduction of these choice varieties into tropical and sub-tropical America, mango culture has there taken on a new aspect. Previously limited to the production of seedling fruits usually of inferior quality though valuable for local consumption, the industry is now being developed with a view to supplying northern markets with fancy fruit.

While many of the common seedlings yield abundantly with no cultural attention, the production of fine grafted mangos is attended by certain cultured difficulties, some of which are yet to be overcome. Anthracnose, a fungous disease related to the wither-tip of citrus fruits, is a serious pest in many regions. The greatest difficulty, however, is the tendency of many of the choice Indian varieties to bear irregularly. In some cases good crops are produced not oftener than one in three or four years. Thorough investigation of cultural requirements, together with experimental planting of many varieties, is bringing to light the most productive kinds and the proper methods to be employed in their cultivation.

HOME FOLKS TOWN.

Have you noticed that most cities
Like most people are the same;
That they have their little foibles
And are otherwise to blame?
Some are stylish as they make 'em:
Others perhaps are somewhat fast;
While again some are so straightlaced
You must squint to travel past.
Have you noticed when you visit
In such cities, it takes time
To catch on to all their wrinkles
And get used to change of clime?
Till you long to cast their capers
And upon their jigs to frown;
And you sigh for ease and comfort
In some honest home folks town.

In some honest home folks town!
Where the people treat you brown;
Where you are not always primping,
Or compelled to simmer down;
But can do just as you want to
In some honest home folks town.

If you're searching such a haven
I can steer you as you go,
For I've had the luck to find one
In the town of Pompano.
And you're free to use my knowledge
If you'll promise me for sure

That you'll take a train tomorrow
To this town that must endure.
To this town in Broward county
Where the Gulf Stream warms the sand—
Where the breeze is ever fanning
Miles of eager, fertile land:
Where canals take surplus moisture,
And the orange blossoms blow;
And where home folks make you welcome
At the town of Pompano.
At the town of Pompano
Where you surely ought to go
If you hope for ease and comfort
And for wealth without its show;
And a Home Folks Town you'll call it
When you get to Pompano.

MUNYON'S ENCHANTED ISLE.

(With apology to the author of "Greenland's Icy Mountains")

Come, all ye frost enshrouded,
Come ye, by earthquake tost;
Come ye, by storm o'erclouded,
And ye in blizzard lost;
From lowland and from highland,
From mountain, vale and plain
En route to Munyon's Island
Come join the crowded train.

The way may seem to weary,
The journey may be long;
But what at first is dreary,
Will end in flowers and song.
For in a dreamy ocean,
Beneath Floridian skies,
The goal of our devotion
In tropic grandeur lies.

From Jacksonville we travel;
Along the East Coast line;
Thro' leafy live oak bowers;
And woods of shaggy pine;
O'er dusty white sand stretches;
Past swamps of evergreen;
Thro' clumps of wierd palmettoes
That stamp the tropic scene.

At Kelsey City Station
We take a motor car,
And o'er a well-oiled turnpike
We reach a watery bar;
A causeway* greets our vision
Whereby we reach the Isle;
And there in fields Elysian
Arcadian joys beguile.

(NOTE.—In presenting this poem the poet uses his license to the limit by actually describing a "causeway" that is not yet in existence. It is however a part of the plans laid out by Harry S. Kelsey the wizard from Boston who is transforming a wilderness into a winter resort that is to out-Herod Herod and make the great Palm Beach look like thirty cents.

Chameleons in the banyans
Display their opal hues;
And redbirds vie with bluebirds
Their brightness to diffuse;
Orange blossoms scent the breezes
That waft o'er land and sea;
While song of mocker pleases
And fills the air with glee.

Its climate is perfection
Induced by near Gulf Stream;
And pleasure follows pleasure
As slumber follows dream.
Old age no longer worries
Nor ills of life uncouth;
For in that happy Eden
Comes back eternal youth.

Then, come ye frost enshrouded,
And ye by earthquake tost;
And ye by storm o'erclouded
And ye in blizzard lost;
From lowland and from highland
From mountain, vale and plain;
Come rest on Munyon's Island
And renewed youth obtain.

IN HONOR OF ST. AUGUSTINE, THE OLDEST
CITY IN AMERICA.

We fondle classic tomes, St. Augustine,
To trace beginnings of your ancient seat;
And thro' the centuries that intervene,
We find the pages with great deeds replete.
We see you first an Indian town uncouth,
Where stalked the red man not yet civilized;
Until de Leon in his search for *Youth*,
Determined where you stand was what he prized.
We see you then become the white man's prey,
And Europe's kings consider you a gem;
And battle for possession for a day—
In turn to sparkle in their diadem.
First came the Spanish; then the French, and next
The British held you as their prize perplexed:

For what, with foes assailing from the sea,
And savages harassing from the land;
Each occupation had a bloody plea
To carve their title on your shifting sand.
But times have changed; and now, St. Augustine,
We find you gentle as your youth was wild;
Your fort unconquered is a tourist scene:
Your crumbling gates now hold the wandering child,
Matanzas Bay no longer flashes fire;
But offers shelter to the listless sail:
Your plaza guns have rusted out their ire:
Yet still give credence to the idler's tale:
Yes, times have changed, but greatly for the best;
For now, St. Augustine, your name spells REST.

Within your market place where black men shook,
While masters offered them for sale or hire,
Now lounge admirers who around them look,
In dreamy wonder or poetic fire,
And see your quaint old streets where half awake,
A motley population hugs the wall,
And muse about the changes Time can make,
And how Peace conquers after all.
Your Moorish hostelries—suggesting as they do
With eloquence the story of your past—
Now open wide their portals to the view,
And gild the future that within is cast.
We glory in the years that you have seen;
And wish you many more, St. Augustine.

BE PREPARED!

Lines composed on the Scout Motto and dedicated to W. J. von Behren, West Palm Beach, Fla., the most competent, lovable and natural Scout Master imaginable, to Miss Miriam Stowers, an efficient and beloved leader of the Girl Scouts at West Palm Beach, and to my son and daughter who are each enthusiastic members of that most important order: The Boy and Girl Scouts of America.

Attention Scouts! Lend me your ears;
Show what your oath in you uprears!
If I should ask for two short words
As Slogan, that our tongue affords,
To indicate your attitude;
When with school duties you're imbued,
And for more power you surely cared;
What would you answer? *Be prepared!*

When years have flown and you're full grown
And one true mate would fondly own—
A mate who would be well worth while.
With ready wit and cheerful smile;
Who would with you have highest aim;
Nor bring dishonor to your name;
How may you hope your love is shared
By proper person? *Be prepared!*

When on the battle field of life,
You meet the foe in deadly strife;
When competition waxes keen,
And friendship dwindles from the scene;
When nothing counts that's easy gained,
And real success cannot be feigned;
What only armor when you've dared
Can save your honor? *Be prepared!*

And when at last the battle's o'er;
When you must pass to other shore;
Where money does not count at all;
And records may your gaze appal;
How can you save yourself from shame?
How can you rest on laurelled name?
When all your past is plainly bared
How may you face it? *Be prepared!*

Ay, Ay, My Comrades! You are right.
That's the best slogan day or night.
The past is dead. The present stands,
And waits the moulding of your hands.
Prepare yourself for any fate.
Let not the knocker say "too late."
Study the future while you're spared
And for each climax, *Be prepared!*

AN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

(Acknowledging complimentary verses from a dainty poet whose name was Flora, and who was residing at the time a guest at the most beautiful home in Palm Beach.)

I am a lucky bard I swear!
'Twas only yesternight I kneeled,
And asked the Gods in earnest prayer,
To prove they heard when I appealed.

When lo! upon the morning post,
An answer comes in charming verse,
From One, I'm sure is Heaven's boast,
Which did some care for me rehearse.

It came by way of Rêve d'Été—
The earthly name for Heavenly bowers—
And as a further test to weigh
Was signed by Goddess fair of Flowers.

OCEAN MUSINGS.

(After meeting a beautiful woman named Florence Ebbs).

I'd cherish much my lovely bride,
And bind her close with filmy webs;
Were I the ocean's happy tide
Forever linked with Flo. and Ebbs.

FROM PAN TO FLORA.

(Having been playfully addressed as "Pan" by "Flora" in acknowledging certain verses, the author assumed the guise in the following reply. The place where she was residing is sometimes known as the "Garden of Eden.")

Fair Flora, goddess of Edenic flowers,
As Pan I greet you in your native bowers:
I come upon you with my tuneful reed,
With full intent to give your message heed—
Nor flee I pray you on my near approach,
In charming panic that I might encroach.
For though of hideous mould I have a heart,
That has been conquered by your gentle art;
And here upon proverbial pipes I play,
In hope to win you with a roundelay.
Be kind sweet charmer! All my faults forget!
Remember only that I'm singing yet.
And with the fervor of the muses tongue,
Protesting loudly that you hear my song.

WHEN LINA SINGS.

(In honor of a beautiful woman formerly of Brooklyn N. Y. who had for several seasons charmed the Palm Beach public with her melodious voice but who at the time these lines were written had announced her coming marriage and departure to the Far West.)

When Lina sings Behold e'en echoes cease;
Silence profound receives each opening note:
Out of the stillness like from billowy fleece,
The music swells and fills her snowy throat.

Hark! hear the lambkins bleating o'er the green.
Or is that bells on neck of wand'ring kine?
Ah, there's a brook through shady woodland scene!
Now list the lark who fain would love enshrine.

A clear toned trill assists wild Fancy's play,
Deep in a pine we see the songster hide;
Near where a meadow, sweet with new mown hay
Surrounds a home—some patient farmer's pride.
But what is that?—the wash of waves on shore—
Now hear them rush around resisting rock;
The wailing winds their lonesomeness deplore:
Then comes a storm—Now hear the Breakers talk?

But Fancy fails. 'Tis Lina's voice we hear.
Yet is it Lina? Or is it organ peal?
Oh, joy of joys, above the world so drear,
We now are wafted to eternal weal.
Till hush! some power now makes most vital change,
Down from the sky once more on Earth we tread;
We meet our kind; we find our foes in range;
We fight, we strive, we live and love and wed.

Yet 'tis a dream! For there fair Lina stands.
The melodies we hear are hers alone:
Look how she trembles as her art commands.
See how she mellows to each undertone.
We shut our eyes—when lo, again 'tis true.
We are not where we thought but in far home—
A noble, beauteous woman fills the view
And strangely beckons for us all to come:

Supreme delight attention quick compels;
We go and are her guest where she is queen:
Domestic bliss from out the music swells,
And on a kingly arm we see her lean.
We gaze—and envy—for we fain would be
The sturdy oak to which such ivy clings:
When loud applause arouses us to see
The wondrous song is o'er that Lina sings.

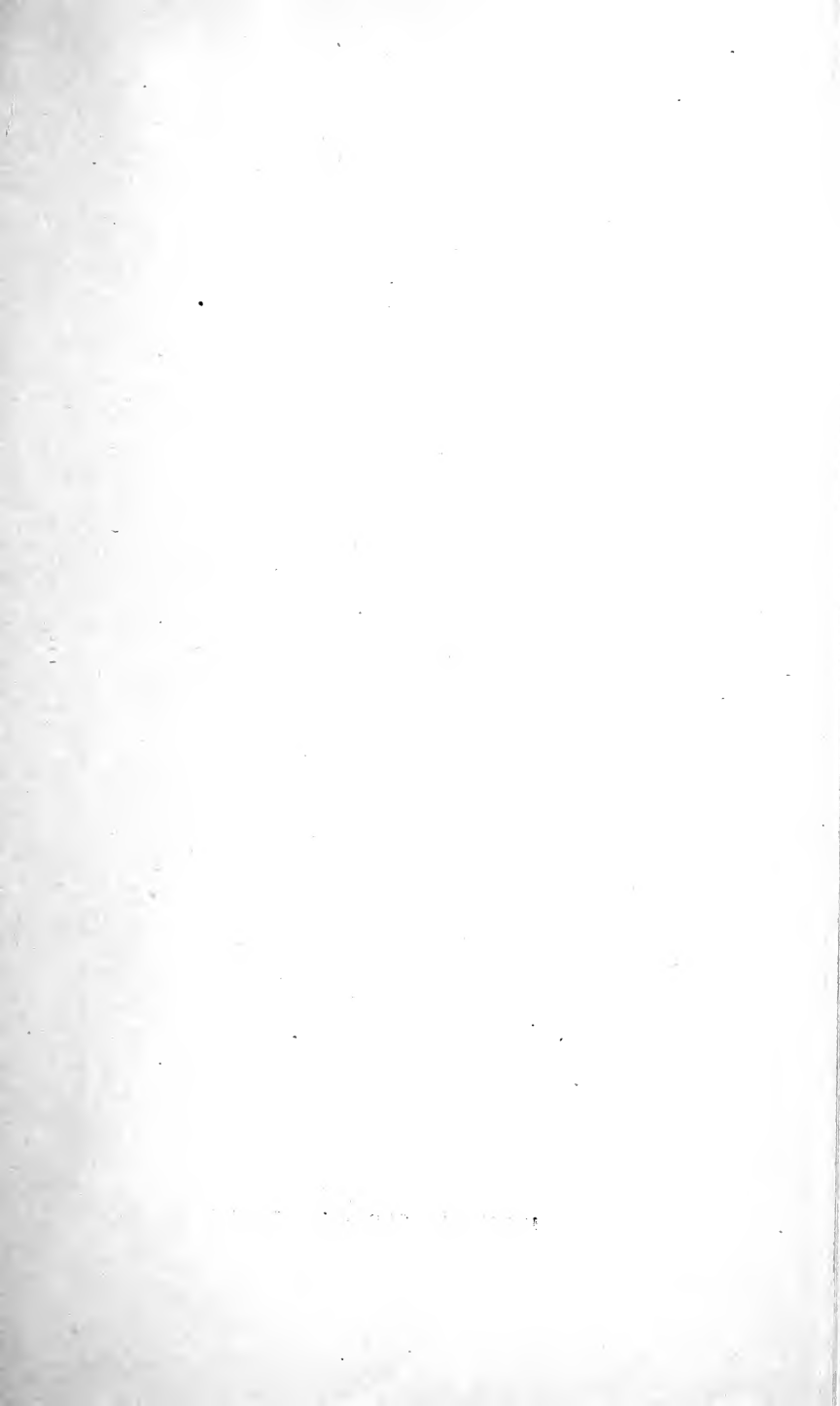
SONG OF THE COCOANUT PALM.

Have you ever heard tell of the cocoanut palm,
With its arms swinging gaily in air?
How it faces its foes with majestic calm,
And stormtost, still smiles at despair.

Have you ever beheld how it succors its friends
With shade in the long summer's day?
And how when in winter, the northblast descends,
Heat comes from its fronds in decay?

Have you ever been told of the milk that it yields
To the wanderer parching with thirst?
Of the rich and rare diet its husky nut shields
For the human who gets to it first?

Have you ever conceived how its worth is increased
By the fiber surrounding its wood?
Or the pretty rosettes that accompany each feast
In a surfeit of generous mood?





BUNCH OF COCOANUT PALMS

In the heat of the day in a Tropical clime
It signals o'er moor and o'er fen,
That by it there's refreshment and shelter sublime
And hope for the children of men.

There's the copra and oil that commerce obtains,
By using the fruit as it may;
The grotesque productions the crude artist gains
By carving its husk in his play.

There's the twine, the paper, the lumber it gives,
Industrious thought as a prize;
All which it contributes with zest while it lives
Or yields with its ghost when it dies.

We have read of its glory in days that are past,
When in contests that none dared call sham,
The victor with gods of mythology classed,
And his much prized reward was a palm.

Oh, the cocoanut palm is a wonderful tree;
Man's chief friend in forest or grove;
So, pay it real homage for the boon it spreads free—
Its great inarticulate love.

TO THE WHITE MAN'S GOD.

(Supposed address of Osceola, the Seminole Indian chief while confined in the White Man's Prison at Ft. Moultrie after having been arrested in Florida under a flag of truce.)

All-powerful Being, from across wild sea:
Who guards the white man while the red men die;
A prisoner fast, I needs must wait on Thee,
Altho I hate Thee and Thy power defy.
Relentless spirit of an alien race,
Would that we Indians had a god so strong;
Then might we robbers of our birthright chase—
Then might we safely offer wrong for wrong.
I ask no favors as I know too well,
The utter hopelessness of aid from Thee;
Thy lack of justice e'en my birth can tell,
And all my life proclaims Thy cruelty .
Now as the happy hunting grounds I near
I voice Thy Mandates that the world may hear.

Ere yet a mortal by Thy great consent,
A white man lured my mother to her shame;
And when rejected like cigar that's spent,
Into the world unwelcomely I came.
My infant years among my mother's kin
Were hardly over, till on conquest bent,
A white man's army Thy applause to win,
Laid waste our country with a murderous vent.
Expatriated to the south we fled;
Far from the comforts that were once our share;
Into morasses where our daily bread
Was spared by red men from their scanty fare.
There I grew up to married man's estate,
In spite of Thee and of the white man's hate.

To married man's estate I grew, and lo!

My happiness had made me half forget
The wrongs I suffered, and the woe

My people had endured and suffered yet;
Until backed up by Thy express Command
A white man seized my happy creole bride
And carried her by force to other land,

There as a slave to rob her of her pride.
Did I protest? Well rather—but who cared?

A father's or a husband's claims were naught;
And when with anger overcome I dared
Demand her back, in irons I was brought
Before the white man's chief, and forced to kneel
And speak repentance that no man could feel.

And then they murmured and beseeched Thy aid

Because, forsooth I laid the tyrant low;
While stranger still my vengeance to degrade
Thy help was given to multiply our foe.
And in the hunting grounds where once we passed
Free as the deer that nibbled in the glades;
Each tree belched fire and we must stand aghast,
Or with a white man's army measure blades.
But we were braves and by my counsels strong,
We gave no quarter but shed blood for blood;
And though but one to ten we rallied long,
And held our own against the paleface flood.
Our cause was just and as a patriot band
We chose to live or die on native land.

We had been told the white man's God was just;

And that the white man's act was always true.
'Twas said deception was a red man's lust,

But what the white man spoke he'd surely do;
This hollow boast is ever folly's bane;
The white man's promise never was fulfilled;
But with "Wyomy" in each chieftain's brain,
The white man forced agreement as he willed.
Finding his strength, though ten to one, too weak
To cope with red men on their native sod;
The white man chose by crooked ways to wreak
An unfair vengeance that Thou didst applaud.
And I, who should have known from treatment past,
Was seized 'neath flag of truce, and here am cast.

Murder, Conspiracy, Coercion, Fraud—

These are the weapons that have won the fight;
Supreme in these I own the white man's God
And give him credit for his might-made right.
The passing red man with his free wild life
Is far too honest to encounter greed
Such as the white man by long cherished strife
Has nurtured till it stares through every deed.
And so like me my type must pass away,
A sacrifice to more aggressive power;
Yet in our passing from unequal fray
The future world will miss its noblest flower.
But when the time is ripe, shall other race
Take with like cruelty the white man's place.

FRIENDLY ASSISTANCE.

The writer of a funny column in the Palm Beach Post known as "Thorn," having given the four words,

Starling,
More,
Darling,
Adore,

as the basis for a love verse, asked fellow sufferers to fill out the blanks. The author (recollecting that Thorn had an advertised sweetheart named Annie) handed in the following:

"Dear Thorn;—

Recognizing from your hint in the morning paper, what a sad plight you are in, and anxious to help a brother lover in distress, I suggest the following words to make up the metre:

Annie! like the heavenly starling
You impress me more and more,
Till I here confess, my darling,
You're the angel I adore.

If, however, you can't take time to say all that, how would this do?

Little Starling,
More and more,
You're the darling
I adore.

G. G. C.

FROM FLU TO FLA.

Dear Thorn:

I cannot understand why you should allow an opportunity like is offered by the recent curtailing of the word influenza to put in a good word for Florida under its common curtailment. I have been reading your column daily in anxious ex-

pectation of seeing something to get the thing moving, but at last I am forced to sit down, take my typewriter in arm, and give birth to the following:

You people up North all surrounded by Flu
Must suffer till Spring brings a thaw;
So take our advice
Leave your Flu with the ice
And come to the comforts of Fla.

Or perhaps this might be even more concise:

You Northerners are in a stew,
Enmeshed by epidemics raw;
So if you do not like influ.
We'll try to treat you well in Fla.

Your fellow booster,

GEO. G. CURRIE.

TO THORN! IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF FLOWERS.

(Sent to me while laid up in a hospital.)

Dear Thorn, please accept my most intimate thanks
For the beautiful bouquet you sent me this morning;
I assure you 'tis easy to fill in the blanks,
With such bright colored posies my bureau adorning.

Whenever I look from my hospital couch
And see the sweet buds that you plucked from your garden,
I'm forced to forget that I e'er had a grouch
And for ever complaining, I humbly ask pardon.

There's something so hopeful in flowers, don't you know?
The sight of them often relieves one of worry:
So once more I thank you till able to show
More substantial return. Your friend

GEO. G. CURRIE.

MILADY AND THE CHAMELEON

—OR—

THE HERO OF ROYAL PARK.

In days of old, when knights were bold,
And barons held their sway!
'Twas not unmeet for ladies sweet
To look to gallants grey;
When in distress their loveliness
Was like to be undone;
And all the odds were with the gods
Of them who they should shun.

And while 'tis said, the days are dead
When knighthood was in flower;
Since now no maid need be afraid
Of what once made them cower;
Yet I am here in accents clear,
To tell a tale of truth;
Wherein a maid without quick aid
Had met with fate uncouth.

In Royal Park (God save the mark)
Of justly famed Palm Beach;
A Texas bard with love tilts scarred—
Whom Cupid could not reach—
Met by the way, a fairy fay,
Of transcendental grace;
Whose laughing eyes would seem a prize
To e'en a World War ace.

From shopping tour the maid demure
Was just returning blest,
And in each arm secure from harm
Were trophies of her quest;
With jaunty air she stepped from car,
Then moved toward the curb;
When our brave knight with smiles bedight
Attract those eyes superb.

Ah me! how sweet when glances meet
Of knights and ladies gay,
When hearts are free and full of glee,
And ready for the fray;
And yet how sad that fate forbade
Full growth when ardor's keen,
But interfered with shock most wierd
To kill the bud serene.

The lady's foot, she gently put
Upon the curb of stone;
To rest in part, while with her art
She seemed upon love's throne;
When lo! Behold, Chameleon bold!
Come fitting o'er the street;
Now here, now there, with careless air
It shoots with nimble feet.

It sees the kid that deftly hid,
Milady's ankle fair,
Then with a spring, as tho' on wing
It lit——Alas! Oh, where?
Its tiny claws thro' silken hose
Can pierce with shocking ease——
A woman's scream ends love's sweet dream,
And fills the startled breeze.

Of parcels dull her arms are full——
She cannot seize the pest;
And finding silk and other ilk
Responsive to its zest;
With curious itch the little wretch
Pursues its mad career!
Up! Up! Still up! Still further up!
While she loud shrieks her fear.

She must have aid—real instant aid—
The knight— a modest man—
Could see her plight, yet wished for night
In which to work some plan;
But it was day! Bright tropic day!
What could he ever do?
Another shriek! Tears course her cheek!——
He must the brute pursue.

He knelt! He grabbed! Here—there he jabbed!
The creature seemed on fire—
Up lingerie he could not see
It still kept climbing higher;
The lady's screams were soulful themes
That urged him do his best;
Yet every act of rudeness smacked;—
How dared he catch the pest?

He'd have no fear if wild eyed steer
Should face him on the plain;
Full oft he'd swung the lasso long
And held with might and main;
But such was naught,—and all distraught
Our hero tried again,
To reach that vile, unshamed reptile,
And save his love from pain.

At last, at last, at long, long last,
He won his knightly sword;
The pesky thing had had its fling
And now was safely floored,
The rescued maid her thanks displayed
In beaming, blushing face;
While from the scene the bard bore keen
Limp proof of valiant chase.

AN OPEN LETTER TO HENRY MORRISON FLAGLER.

*(Just before the formal opening of his Oversea Railroad
to Key West.)*

Dear Uncle Henry—as you're sometimes named,
I write you to convey a poet's thanks,
To compensate in part th'abuse of cranks,
And let you know you're praised as well as blamed.
Your life to us has been an open book:
We've read about you and we know it all;
You've had your cares that would most men appal—
And erred sometimes in what you undertook.
But you are human we are proud to own;
And what you've done as such is wondrous great:
Who else has lived and conquered human fate
And helped his kind as by yourself you've done?
'Tis therefore pleasure in set verse to pay,
Such homage to a hero as I may.

A poor man's son you started in the race
With even chances. By manual toil,
And constant "roughing it" in life's turmoil
You got the good of labor's saving grace:
The strong physique—the sturdy arm and thigh--
The constitution that could stand a strain—
The body competent to hold great brain,
And guide huge projects with unfaltering eye.
Grim sorrow, too, provided from its store
Wholesale afflictions to enhance your power:
For scarcely ever have you known an hour
Some recent loss you might not still deplore:
By labor strengthened and by grief made true:
Heaven surely signalled you had work to do.

Conceiver of a plan of corporate strength,
Than which no greater has been ever known;
Your genius as an organizer then was shown,
Until the *Standard Oil* came forth at length:
Child of your brain and creature of your power,
It gained and grew until it waxed so strong
The nation feared it and compelled ere long
Its dissolution lest the nation cower.
What greater proof could any mortal ask
That his accomplishment was mighty task?
But with the wealth that flowed from Standard Oil,
Undaunted always by a threatening sky,
To Florida you turned with curious eye
And viewed a wilderness where hopes recoil.

Untracked, unknown, nor seeming worth a smile,
That long discovered land stretched South its arm,
With none to whisper of its wealth or charm:
Or seek to open up its many a mile.
But when you viewed its palmy covered strand,
You looked and saw what no one else had seen:
And straightway where one only blade had been
You planted two; and joined by iron band
The whole peninsula. Into the waste,
With foresight and with zeal that seemed divine.
You pushed the work of progress till each sign,
Proved to the doubting your artistic taste;
And soon where nature wild had sought repose
You made the desert blossom as the rose.

Towns sprang to life where once deep jungles frowned,
Forests were felled and fields of pines appeared;
Orange groves came forth upon the hammocks cleared,
And in dank prairies gardens soon were found.
Men, blest with work—the highest kind of alms—
Grew independent at your bounteous hand;
And with the waving of your magic wand,
Florida, enchanted, spread abroad her balms.
Now learns the world what you had brought to light
And soon behind you follow tourist hordes,
Whom still to please you gave what wealth affords
And bounteous homes sprang upward in a night.
Till as an acme to ambitious reach
Out of the jungle rose to view—*Palm Beach*.

Such feat alone would give eternal fame;
But still insatiate, you forward press—
Out from the fast improving wilderness—
Into Atlantic to more laurelled name.
Bridging the ocean for commercial ends:
Binding with hoops of steel Key West's fair isle:
Flaunting defiance at the billow's toil
And by their conquest making loud amends.
Surely we owe you more than tongue can tell,
For what you've done to bring about our ease;
Giving us power, like gods, to ride wild seas
In Pullmans lounging while around yawns hell,
While we've been seeking wreaths we ought to bring.
You by great acts have crowned yourself our King.

Not such a King as Europeans boast
But one America is proud to own:
One who requires no bolster to his throne,
But who wins homage free from Coast to Coast.
Your sceptre likewise is a badge of might
Won by intrinsic virtue; and your sway
Comes without price to gild your closing day,
And prove to all how well you've won its right.
May years yet pass ere all your work's complete,
To give us time to prove our praise sincere;
And give to those afar a chance to hear;
Ere History embalms each wondrous feat,
And on the stone, which soon or late must rise
Above your tomb, engraves, mid worldwide sighs:

EPITAPH ON H. M. FLAGLER.

Here 'neath the turf where many times he trod
Lies Henry Flagler, face to face with God;
How came his wealth or what his motives were
Leave we to that Most High Tribunal's care:
Suffice it now that we confess our loss,
And since he's gone take up our heavier cross.
He came to Florida and with his gold
Changed trackless jungle into fertile wold;
If he but looked, behold the noisome wild
Bedecked itself with green and prosperous smiled,
And where fierce snakes and alligators crept
Now thriving cities into life have stepped—
Grand, lasting monuments to that great zeal
Which ended robs us of our speedier weal.

RECREATED.

(This poem was given to Augusta Savage, a young colored sculptress in acknowledgment of her effort to make a bust of the author.)

Augusta is a sculptress fine—
A poetess as well; *
Her coal black hair and eyes that shine
A soulful story tell.

Her agile step, her lithsome grace,
Her happy carefree mien;
Proclaim her o'er her swarthy race,
A veritable queen.

But other maids such attributes
Might boast as well as her;
And that she's common Heaven refutes—
Or else my muse must err.

For out the fair Augusta stands,
A mother tho' a maid;
And subject to her arts commands
Is pure and unafraid.

With steady eye she looks on me,
Then takes a lump of clay:
When lo! Another self I see—
With all my faults away.

** Augusta is also a portrait painter. As a sample of her poetry the verses that follow are printed. They show conclusively that this girl brought up under the most adverse circumstances has succeeded in the finer arts in a remarkable degree. She is yet in her early twenties, was born in Florida and resides at West Palm Beach. Any assistance that readers can render to enable her to perfect herself along the lines she has so fondly chosen will indeed be appreciated by her and be of unquestionable value to her whole race in America*

SUNSET IN FLORIDA.

So joyous is the land of flowers,
Of summer days and dreamy hours,
That birds and butterflies awing,
Think all the months belong to Spring.

On every hand is brought to view,
Bright fragrant buds of gorgeous hue,
And yonder distant southern skies,
Are like the blue of Cherubs eyes.

But far surpassed are all of these
Forgotten, birds and honey bees;
For flaming in the western sky,
Behold the wealth of Araby.

The red of all Earth's battlefield,
Is by the sinking sun revealed;
While, overhead expanded swings,
The silver white of seraph's wings.

The East seems loth to lose its hold,
And still retains some flecks of gold,
While golden streamers to the North,
Like fingers of some God reach forth.

And we poor mortals stand and look:
Then try to picture in a book
The miracle this God of ours,
Gave only to the Land of Flowers.

AUGUSTA SAVAGE.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

(Query made to a preacher whose false teeth seemed insecurely fastened.)

It is a silly question
And I know I shouldn't ask
But I want the matter settled,
And I give to you the task.

What would you do, I ask you,
Oh! Leave me not in doubt;
If you tried to kiss your girlie
And your teeth dropped out?

AUGUSTA SAVAGE.

IT'S SUMMER.

A bee with gauzy wings of gold,
A mocking bird a shade too bold,
A thrasher brown with speckled breast,
A noisy jay with new black vest.

An oriole with crippled wing,
A dove that tries so hard to sing,
An English sparrow noisy elf,
Who wants the whole thing for himself.

With skip and flirt they gather round
A little puddle on the ground,
Made by the hydrant's ceaseless drip,
They flutter down to bathe and sip.

Then hurriedly they fly away,
Returning oft throughout the day,
With open beaks and drooping wing,
And little throats too dry to sing:

It's Summer.

AUGUSTA SAVAGE.

COMPENSATION.

I've spent hours in deep communion
With the humming birds and bees.
I've exchanged loves deepest secrets,
With the softly sighing trees.
I've discussed my pains and pleasures,
I've revealed my dearest treasures.
And upon life's harsh alarms
I've turned my back.

Nothing to my eye is hidden,
In dame nature's secret bower,
I have wandered all unhidden,
And have lingered hour by hour.
Many lessons has she taught me,
And a deep contentment brought me,
And my heart is filled with song,
As I wend my way along,
For my soul's attuned to nature,
Tho I'm black.

AUGUSTA SAVAGE.

MY SOUL'S GETHSEMANE.

As the Forks of Life's great highway I approach,
And the hour of my temptation is at hand;
In my soul's Gethsemane
I have still *your* faith in me,
And it strengthens me to know
You understand.

AUGUSTA SAVAGE.

SONNETS OF THE
SOUTHLAND

FLORIDA.

Eternal Summerland! Where roses bloom,
And fruits are ripening all the livelong year;
Where glades in gardens offer life and cheer,
And give to labor wealth long hid in gloom .
Out in thy pinewoods—hark the mockers sing!
Or list faint echoes of the whippoorwill:
Proclaiming to mankind with joyous thrill,
The health and happiness that to thee cling:
While from green groves where golden clusters vie,
Bluebirds and redbirds into azure fly.
Thy Appian ways and roads that bridge the brine—
Thy grand canals where Mars suggests a plan:
These are lost sight of as we closely scan
And trace great future that is surely thine.

The "Swanee river" and "Olostee" field
Are rich in story and in patriot's throe;
While names like Flagler, Gorrie, Broward, yield
Examples unexcelled by which to grow.
'Twas here DeLeon came in search of youth:
Here Osceola made his last brave stand;
Here to Menendez Ribaut's dauntless band
As martyrs offered up the ghost for truth.
Here free Minorcans under Turnbull's care,
Came unsuspecting to a dismal fate;
Far from their kin within thy wilds they wait—
Slaves for a decade—eating slavery's fare.
Here Kirby Smith in Civil war's alarms,
Upheld the "Land of Flowers" with valiant arms.

A thousand miles of shore line give thee power
And high dominion over sponge-sown sea;
Great inland waters offer wealth as free
In transportation, fish and fertile shower.
Huge herds of cattle roam thy unplowed plain—
While turpentine and lumber add their strength;
Phosphate and Fuller's earth thy mines contain
Which with thy oil must make thee rich at length.
Romance is clustered 'round thy ancient name
Rice, sugar, cotton—gain more recent fame—
Until the world long reticent concedes
That Florida gains rank by force of deeds,
And in the galaxy of states her due
Comes clearer—ever clearer into view.

GEORGIA

Founded on mercy Georgia grows apace:
Within her borders strength and beauty reign:
The plans of Oglethorpe have proved not vain—
But to the superstructure still add grace.
Her sons look back on history's open page,
And proudly see her part when duty called:
Where, when a tyrant had their kin enthralled,
She nobly rose a righteous war to wage.
And after freedom had been bought with blood—
Still was she ready on its side to stand:
When in a later war a Northern flood
Poured from Atlanta to Savannah's strand:
And as insignia of unconquered race
Her daughters carve on Stony Mount Lee's face.

Land of Lanier—of Harris—Stanton—Arp;
Who would such be without your latent fire?
To what high peaks your children may aspire
With sons like these to tune the muses harp?
Toombs, Hill and Stephens, Crawford and Lamar,
Are names to conjure with in Southern homes;
These in the forum—under stately domes—
Have borne the name of Georgia near and far.
Gordon—Grady—Graves—to realms of greatness rise;
Witham and Candler both enhance thy song:
So, too, that benefactor Crawford Long,
Who, by his gift, has stilled the sufferer's cries.
Nor should ones glances on your history fall,
Without detecting what is owed McCall.

Land of the melon and the luscious peach;
Land of the pine that plows through every sea—
Bearing to many a clime such thoughts of thee,
As makes the wanderers wish thy shores to reach.
Land where the "Cracker" plants his patch of corn,
And packs his porkers for a rainy day,
Where when hard times appear he laughs in scorn
And points to "grits and bacon" as his stay.
Land where the cotton flaunts its milky bolls,
Where leaf tobacco in luxuriance grows,
Where sugar cane the darky eye controls
And holds him steady from the Northern snows.
With nuggets hidden in her hills away—
The Empire State in truth wields world-wide sway.

ALABAMA.

Loved Alabama! Traveler's promised "rest"?
Proud "Cradle of the brave Confederacy."
The glowing future in thy growth expressed,
Inspires my muse to sing most joyously.
Since first DeSoto crossed thy wondrous wild,
And battled with the red men in thy "cane,"
Who'er has seen thee has become thy child,
And bled if need be that he might remain,
Prized as a garden spot, upon thy soil
Race after race of human kind has died:
Even from Canada have legions hied
By Bienville let to gain thy much sought spoil.
Nor matter how McGillivray might plead:
Nought stopped the inroads of invaders greed.

Long, long from far off European shore,
To "keep" thy coast and up thy rivers ply—
The French, the Spanish and the British pour,
Contending for the riches they espy.
Well, too, they might contend: for fields of corn
Of cotton, goobers, fruit and smiling grain—
Are mere side products that at times adorn
And profit labor on thy rolling plain.
These added to thy herds—thy droves of swine—
Thy forest wealth—thy quarry and thy mine—
Give thee a standing in the eyes of man,
Unprecedented in the Earth's great plan:
Since all one needs to live in ease is found
Within the "Cotton State's" most generous bound.

Thy "wiregrass" region or thy rich "black belt"
With "hog and hominy" the world might feed:
DeBardeleben blazed the trail to melt
Thy "iron hills" with "coal lands" newly freed.
Nor is it wonder that your realm has known:
Men like "the gallant Pelham"—Wheeler, Semmes;
Or that a Father Ryan still condemns
The edict stern when such were overthrown.
'Twas from thy homes that Meek and Peck did sing;
That Wilson—Johnston—Keller rose to fame;
There, Morgan—Curry—Bryce their laurels bring;
There Booker Washington a light became.
While names like Hobson, Owen, Gorgas teach
The heights all Alabamians may reach.

MISSISSIPPI.

Fair land from whence by white man first was seen
The "Michi Sepe" (as the Indians named
That river which throughout the world is famed
As greatest highway that has ever been)
Of thee we sing. Upon thy fertile loam
Where Cotton now is King the dearest blood
Of many savage patriots has flowed
To prove their title through thy woods to roam.
The untamed Chickasaws—the Choctaws true—
We still may trace in many a hill and dale—
The Pascagoulas in traditions tale—
When pressed by odds through which they might not
hew—
Rather than leave thee or resign their pride
With squaw and papoose by their own hands died.

Such Mississippi is a lesson learned
From those who were thy earliest native sons;
And who, ere passing, were the fiendish ones
That, as at Natchez, thy invaders burned.
But Fate willed otherwise. For soon thy plain
Is tilled by fitter, more progressive race,
Who pasture cattle and with cities grace
The wilds once yielding but the hunter's gain.
Till by thy "bayous" red men cease to fight:
But white men scheme and use thee as a pawn,
To prune their brothers and on princes fawn;
And John Law's flourish and their victims blight.
But "bubbles burst" and "Yazoo frauds" repel;
And "bonds dishonored" are examples fell.

Then war again thy counsels far divide;
And new sons rally to thy Davis' call;
And in the awful breach still fighting fall:
But in the falling thou art purified.
Vicksburg and Corinth and a dozen such
Are honored beacons of a struggle bold
Within the pages of thy story told,
By which through suffering thou must profit much.
Then o'er thy realm a happier peace returns—
A greater wealth of legendry is thine.
Thy children now with laurels may entwine
Many a hero who their homage earns:
While Russell, Rivers, Rowland and Malone
Are bards that any land would proudly own.

LOUISIANA.

Louisiana! Land of dear romance!
Of "Creole" daughters and of "Cajun" sons;
Named by LaSalle for noblest king of France:
Where great Napoleon's Code of Law still runs.
Where Latin races find a haven fair—
Reminding ever of Riviera home—
And yet are able the new joys to share
Of easier wealth and liberty to roam.
To thee in reverence we bow o'ercast—
Remembering haply thy historic youth;
And of some legends that are thine—*forsooth*—
When slept Evangeline while Gabriel passed.
And in the vista with its vague perfume
We see thy lotus and magnolia bloom.

Thy lowlands, leveed, but o'erflowed at times
By giant stream that in itself knows fame;
Produce in surfeit from thy tropic climes
A wealth that ripened rice and sugar claim.
Tobacco, cotton, corn and citrus fruit,
Have made thy planters rich beyond degree;
While salt and sulphur crown the best pursuit
Of those who mine beneath thy land and sea.
From all the world come ships to show their wares;
And for thy oils and syrups make exchange;
And hence thy port—New Orleans—happy fares,
And with the largest cities soon must range.
E'en now it is distinctive and complete,
And is a Mecca for Bohemian feet.

Laurels are lavish for adopted son—
DeTonti—Galvez—Iberville all shine:
Though France and Spain and Italy combine
To keep the record of what they have done.
Beneath the inspiration of thy skies
Gayarre, Hearn and Cable wrote their best:
While Mercier and Rouquette each win a prize
That gives thy literature a wondrous zest.
Benjamin, Audubon and Palmer rise—
All claiming honors that to them belong;
While General Beauregard above the throng
Upon world history for place relies.
Butler alone of “woman order” shame,
Failed from thy beauties to wrest honest fame.

TEXAS.

Land of the Tejas—Beauteous “friendship” state!
Six nations’ flags have waved above thy soil:
Fierce Indian tribes have shared thy spoil
And added risk to early settler’s fate.
Back in the vista—ere LaSalle had come
And passed—celestial mesas to explore,
We see the Spaniard wander to thy shore,
And barter peltries for geegaws and rum;
We see Comanches and Apaches rise
(From alien evils to make free their land)
And chase the wanderers with their villainies
Across the waters of the Rio Grande.
The Cross alone and Love that Christians show
At last established San Antonio.

But once established soon thy giant plains,
Became the loadstone of courageous band,
Who, under Austin, a republic planned
That, with great struggle, kindred glory gains.
The priceless heritage thy sons received
At San Jacinto and the Alamo,
Have touched thee Texas with such afterglow—
Thy freedom has forever been achieved.
The wide, wide world must needs yield thee the palm
For Travis, Bowie, Crockett, and their men;
And crown Sam Houston for the saving balm
Of bearding Santa Anna in his den.
When heroes such as these thy foes await:
Who wonders thou art now a sovereign state?

Through that vain strife when thy loved Johnston died
Thy faithful people in due order passed;
With every struggle strengthened till at last
Once more thy sons may feel the patriot's pride:
For lo! Upon thy trackless ranges graze
A thousand herds by daring cowboys led;
Great fields of cotton o'er thy prairies spread;
And oil increasingly its source displays.
Grains, fruits, tobacco further add their wealth
And give thee prestige in material climes;
While Sjolander and Chittenden by stealth
Give truer riches with their breezy rhymes.
Tested by tidal wave—by wasting war—
High and yet higher shines thy bright Lone Star.

ARKANSAS.

Land where the brave DeSoto closed Life's feud,
While on vain quest for gold and precious stones;
Where Ortiz, too, lay down his weary bones,
After long years of strange vicissitude:
Land where Marquette and Joliet found for host
Your namesake red men on their voyage South—
Hoping to trace to Asiatic coast
The final goal of Mississippi's mouth:
Land where LaSalle, in passing, raised the flag
Of La Belle France en route to Mexique Sea,
And claimed your country as a hunter's bag
For great King Louis and the white race free:
Land, once the haunt of lone Coureurs des bois,
We glad salute you—far famed Arkansas.

Louisiana first—Missouri next—
And then at last you took your present name;
When into statehood through the toils you came
With slave propensity o'ermuch perplexed;
Through later stress to choose twixt South and North—
Then fatal choice that caused you years of woe
Till Brooks and Baxter, bound to prove their worth
Gave you by civil strife the final blow:
Then with great Garland came reviving hope
And once again you raised the Stripes and Stars,
Prepared for union and a broadened scope
You came forth strengthened by experience scars:
Now gaining headway and with growth elate
Your sons talk proudly of their loved "Bear" state.

Unique—homespun—your citizens are prized,
Wherever Opie Read has told his tale—
For native wit the nation need not fail
If by your “Traveler” it will be advised.
Your Albert Pike stands high throughout the land—
A man of parts—a poet known to fame;
Artistic Rose by classic legend fanned,
And fair “Octave Thanet” you too can claim.
Shall we pay tribute to your fertile soil
That teems with cotton and with corn and fruit?
Or shall we praise you for the higher toil
That gives you statesmen of such wide repute?
“Hot Springs” alone has force enough to draw
Both saint and sinner to fair Arkansas.

MISSOURI.

“Child of the Storm”. Famed Land of Compromise!
Missouri! on whose choice the Union stood.
We see thee prosper; and with wond’ring eyes
Behold how heaven had foreordained thy good.
Out of the war in slavery’s pursuit,
By devious ways we see thee safe emerge;
And thro’ thy Benton whose resistless surge
Evolved a Blair you chose the surest route.
Into thy past we peer and there we see
The part you played in opening up the West;
France, Britain, Spain, are clearly each expressed
In names and customs that still cling to thee.
Arch schemer Law once worked your wondrous mines
And used your wealth to shape far-fetched designs.

Great Bullion State! From out thy teeming store
Of lead and zinc the world gets all it needs;
While from thy vales and hills once wet with gore
Comes corn and wheat and oats and other feeds.
The Ozark Mountains quick with virgin life
Have yielded huntsmen furs beyond compare,
As well as schooling them in manner rare
How best to meet with every kind of strife:
Thus under Donaphon thy sons made good
In march through Texas when each rock belched fire;
And later under Price showed patriot ire,
Or under Lyon that same ire withstood.
Even thy outlaws James' or Youngers' shine;
And through thy grace to chivalry incline.

The Father of Waters flowing by thy door,
Has given thee prestige that is not in vain;
Thou art the envy of the country o'er:
For all would like to boast thy loved "Mark Twain".
But he is not thy only famous son:
'Gene Field the children's friend is from thy soil;
And Winston Churchill who in life's turmoil
Has pointed pitfalls for us all to shun.
Vest, Kate Field, Reedy, Chopin and Laclede
Are names that thou hast put upon the map;
Nor should we fail in thy capacious lap
To find Champ Clark and Pershing—great indeed!
If there are greater Uncle Sam has known—
Its up to him—Missouri must be shown.

KANSAS.

Hub of the Union! Glorious Sunflower State!
Where nation-wide reform first got its pace!
Since Coronado fixed thy earliest date,
Thy rolling plain has gathered many a grace.
The wondrous wealth thy sons from thee may gain,
Comes by persistence and by studious care;
Nor may the laggard or the idler share
The riches Kansas yields in smiling grain.
When with intelligence and thrift combined
They meet conditions that may come to pass,
The nuggets that "Jayhawkers" there will find
Are coal and zinc and oil and flax and gas.
These peaceful attributes—all yours in truth—
Give us no inkling of thy stormy youth.

That youth was stormy we may surely prove
By reading story of long fight for slaves.
When thy John Brown stepped out of mossy groove
And in behalf of negroes filled first graves.
Thy "Lawrence" deathlist—thy guerilla raids—
The fierce elections and wild civil strife
Attendant on thy birth showed vengeance rife
And "free soil" teaching that at length persuades.
Intolerant of crime again we see
To Prohibition's ranks thy sons enticed:
And lo! thy Carry Nation all agree
Made righteous havoc when nought else sufficed.
Thus were thy negroes and thy weak ones freed
From vested interest and ungodly greed.

Her daughters like her sons have won their spurs;
 And as a compliment to both, men note,
 A sexless liberty in Kansas stirs—
 That lets her honored women have the vote.*
 Free as the air—unloosed from foggy pride—
 At no false fetish do her children quail—
 But led by men like Glick o'er broad'ning trail
 Through ancient fallacies her people ride.
 Her Funston in the Phillipines gained fame;
 Her Sheldon "In His Steps" won world renown;
 Her "Ironquill"—her Waters each have name
 Entitling them to wear sweet singers crown.
 It was her Ingalls taught us all to seize
 That chance that tells why Kansans live in ease.

OKLAHOMA

Great Central State of Monumental worth:
 Commemorating on his native soil,
 The noble red man, who thro' years of toil,
 As full fledged citizen now gains rebirth.
 Up from the past—from prehistoric age—
 He comes led on by warriors who have died,
 Bleeding and tortured but with patriot's pride;
 Nor faltering ruthless hordes to still engage.
 Tecumseh—Pontiac—Brant here live anew;
 Their labors for their race were not in vain;
 At last! At last! the red men get their due,
 And with the white men equals will remain;
 Indian and pale face-brothers to the death—
 In Oklahoma swear abiding faith.

* Before the last amendment to the Constitution made Woman Suffrage national.

The wars of conquest, of revenge, of hate,
Are over now and all the past forgot;
Geronimo's fierce fights, Chief Joseph's lot,
Are both forgiven—likewise Custer's fate.
We talk of Miles, of Sitting Bull, nor blame
Though once they met in deadliest array:
White men have voted for great Sequoyah—
Their Indian confrere—to the Hall of Fame.
Exploits of Carson as a hunter keen;
Of General Howard as avenging foe;
Are given place with Quana Parker's sheen;
Or with the daring feats of Little Crow.
Each bows to each and own they needs must feel:
That both were foemen worthy of their steel.

Now they have joined in building sovereign state;
From land as fertile that none may surpass;
With crude petroleum and natural gas
Vying with cereals to make it great.
Cotton and Cattle on a thousand hills,
Are quickly piling up their wealth so free;
While "guaranteed deposits" are a plea
To help your workman own the land he tills.
"Labor Omnia Vincit" says your seal:
The clinging mistletoe is your state flower:
Who shall deny your certain future weal
With such fair inspirations to your power
Though young in statehood you are old in stock:—
The last may yet be first so sages talk.

KENTUCKY.

All hail Kentucky! Wondrous blue grass state!
Where courtesy and feuds go hand in hand:
Where chivalry and beauty crown a land
That with such men as Watterson gains weight.
From out thy past we resurrect a Batts,
Who from Virginia came to spy thee out!
Next comes the great Dan Boone whom none could flout—
Leastwise the Cherokees with their fiats;
Then General Clark who led thy early troops
To victory against the savage horde,
And won for thee and thine by happy coups
A lustre that today all men accord:
For now thy courage like thy Mammoth Cave
Is famed wherever flags of freedom wave.

'Twas from thy soil that Zachary Taylor came;
To thee the world owes Breckinridge—and Clay:
From out thy loins leaped forth to long affray
The giant Lincoln and his slave freeing fame.
Not far behind in patriotic might
Came other son who helped make Lincoln great—
The gentler Davis, who, with cause elate,
Stood forth, with less resource, for Southern right.
While following heroes each to conscience true,
Filled up opposing lines in battle grand,
And tore thy homes asunder to bestrew
Thy sacred blood upon a freeman's land.
'Twas thee, still later, gave Cawein his lyre
To join with Allen "Th' Invisible Choir."

Thy prairies tickled with the farmer's hoe
Produce in plenty such a store of corn,
That through its bounty was the habit born
Of hospitality Kentuckians show.
Thy wheat and oats to all the world is sent
An advertisement of thy fertile vales,
O'er which graze horses that in fairy tales
With Pegasus of old is happily blent.
Tobacco in profusion lends its cheer,
And is as famous as thy liquid fire;
Thy mines of coal and iron few may peer;
While lumber still fulfils thy heart's desire.
With glistening eyes no matter where we roam—
All peoples praise the "Old Kentucky Home."

TENNESSEE.

Born in the Revolutionary strife—
First named for Washington, that warrior bold;
And then for Franklin, of like hero mould;
And later for the stream that gives thee life;
Thy sturdy pioneers were men of steel,
Who held their ground by one continuous fight
Against the crafty Chickasaw, whose right
Was long maintained and proved with savage zeal:
The Cherokee and Iroquois and Creek,
Supported by the British to the death,
Massacred with fiendish joy thy weak,
And aimed to desolate thy virgin heath:
Thus, blood baptized, thou hast no common plea
To our respect and homage—Tennessee!

What wonder that thy sons, from such a youth,
To deeds of daring lend their eager ear?
And led by Robertson and John Sevier,
Have often "volunteered" to die for truth.
"Old Hickory" with his numerous campaigns,
And Farragut assisting on the sea,
Are names, than which, all patriots agree,
No other State more worthy ones contains.
To martyred Crockett of the Alamo—
And Houston in his noble Texas fight—
America concedes with grateful glow,
Halo-decked crowns of never failing light:
With Nicaragua Walker *all* you claimed—
Still Tennessee might justly far be famed.

But not alone for soldiers, Tennessee,
Art thou immortal and a "volunteer;"
For sons like Polk and Johnson few can peer:
Or "fiddling" Taylor with his repartee.
Carmack stands out an orator of worth;
With Boyle and Craddock writers known to fame;
While Irving, Rice and Hale pay debt of birth
By adding laurels to thy glorious name.
Thy soil produces in abundance all
Eight touching states with loud hurrahs proclaim.
Thy mountaineers for "moonshine" hear the call,
And make it though the heavens above should blame:
What custom can new edict hope to ban
From land that dared conceive the Ku Klux Klan?

VIRGINIA.

Mother of States and Presidents galore!
Named by Raleigh for his virgin queen:
Where first bold Anglo-Saxon saw the sheen
That fixed his presence on Columbia's shore.
Upon thy Jamestown fadeless haloes rest;
Its streets still echo with Powhatan's tread:
There Pocahontas saved Smith's shaggy head
And by such mercy mounts fame's highest crest.
Thy "cavaliers" as planters win renown;
And for the "old Dominion" soon speak fair;
Declining as far colonists to drown
That love of liberty all Britons share:
And led by Bacon taught the tyrant proud:
Virginians had with freedom been endowed.

In "Seventy-Six" thy commonwealth displayed
A zeal that proved thee of the noblest stock;
And to thy standard many scions flock
To chide the despot and false power degrade.
From thee came Washington, that master mind,
Who led his people through victorious strife
To strongest Union that was ever rife;
And with true vision years of peace designed.
From thee came Jefferson whose Declaration
Must through the centuries reverberate;
From thee came Madison to whom the nation
Owes Constitution that confirms him great;
From thee came Henry who with flaming breath
Cried, "Give me Liberty or give me Death."

Around thy Richmond tender mem'ries 'twine
Of Lee, whose virtue all the world concedes;
Of Stonewall Jackson and his doughty deeds;
Of Stuart and Johnston at their country's shrine.
'Twas there that Winnie Davis first saw light,
And with her graces won a Nation's love;
'Twas there that Bagby kept the pathway bright
Whereon thy literary stars might move.
Thy Natural Bridge is not more widely known,
Nor is thy Lethean weed so far-off found,
As is the fame of those to greatness grown
Upon thy well-beloved—thy storied ground.
What boast indeed compares in conscious ease
With "I'm descended from the F. F. V.'s?"

WEST VIRGINIA.

Ye land of many aliases attend!
Ancient Vandalia! Great Panhandle State!
District of West Augusta! that did send
To war for liberty legions elate:
Switzerland of America! To thee
The muse glad offers of its store of song;
Thy name "Kanawha" tips the madding throng
Of scenes that draw us to thee curiously;
Birthplace of Rivers! Westsylvania fair!
These help us think about thy wondrous wild—
About the springs that holds the Summer child—
About the wealth thy worthy sons may share:
And we're reminded of the coup d'etat,
That gave the Union West Virginia.

Where Shenandoah's classic waters shine,
We see thy fields of corn—thy fatt'ning herds—
Thy coal and oil—thy forest and thy mine:
And other wealth too various for words.
The dream of Brown when Harper's Ferry fell
The daring feat of thy Eliza Zane
Must peer the crown thy pioneers attain,
At "Fallen Timbers" with its Indian knell.
Thy early tale Virginian histories fill,
And in the fastnesses of mountain haunt,
Were gained the virtues that make patriots thrill
When Washington surveyed thy Fairfax grant,
Marshall's great mind thy storied page has graced:
Monroe's grand doctrine might to thee be traced.

Thou hast a right to boast Virginia's part
In all that happened up to "Sixty-Three";
And for such sons as Tabb and Trent thou art
As much to laud as though they came from thee:
Page, Hope and Dabney, Conwell, Cooke and Sledd
To thee owe much of their celestial fire;
Rives, Preston, Glasgow—thy vales helped inspire:
By Pierpont wise to statehood thou wert led.
But thou hast sons and daughters of thine own,
Like Barbe or Dandridge, Woods or Kenna brave:
It was thy Lucas o'er confederate grave
Sang its dead hopes in glorious undertone.
While Franklin Painter felt the call of birth
To publish to the world thy bards of worth.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Ye olde North State! upon thy varied soil
Have happened scenes of tragical import;
Since first Sir Raleigh bribed the English Court
By promise of great wealth for little toil
Within thy bounds to save his threatened life.
His failure was but one of many more—
Until Scotch-Irish settlers reached thy shore—
Crossing thy Dismal Swamp to win the strife.
These to the wilderness with courage turned
And fought for title with the red men there;
And in the struggle self reliance earned
That made them wary of the tyrant's snare;
And when Proprietary Lords grew proud—
Thy early sons made "pride" the Lordlings' shroud.

Through fire and water came thy ship of state,
And with rebellions both on land and sea—
With "Blackbeard" and with "Bonnet" pirates free
To be subdued—no wonder thou art great!
Evolved by friction—caught at every turn—
High as Mount Mitchell glows thy steady aim:
Thy Sapphire Country with its far-flung fame
Is but suggestive of the fires that burn.
It takes real work to wrest from thee real wealth;
And so a hardy race to life has sprung,
Who, raising cotton for financial health
Gets moral health its other gains among.
Corn and tobacco also add their share
Of brightness to the lustre "Tarheels" wear.

Land of the sky! of Summer Tourist fame!
North Carolina! Strong as thou art fair!
Thy stormy youth has fashioned thee to dare:
While nature has confirmed each self-made claim.
In Revolutionary times thy sons
Made good in fighting for the common cause;
And when Secession called for patriot guns—
Thy soldiers brave brought forth e'en world applause.
'Twas thy son Dixon in "The Leopard's Spots"
Who gave us pause, when, in triumphant glee
We saw the Northern hosts set negroes free,
And made us reconstruct our too swift thoughts,
While names like Taylor, Alderman and Vance,
Like Bonar, Clarke, McNeil, thy rolls enhance.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

South Carolina! Fair Palmetto state!
Foremost in all that makes a country great:
Settled by Huguenots while wilds around,
Were yet "Chicora" to the braves there found;
And when by Spaniards thy Port Royal was doomed—
Then came the British and thy Charles Town boomed.
Till by persistence that same town became
The greatest port America could claim.
And far off lands began to hear the call
Of "Carolina" and its wonders all.
Thy fame induced the happiest pursuit
Of gold and tin, of phosphate and of fruit;
While bumper crops of rice and cotton smiled
Upon thy plains where skillful farmers toiled.

Thus to thee came a class of settlers bold
Who quickly mastered thy new kind of wold;
And waxing wealthy used their surplus vim
In further conquest of surroundings grim.
With slaves galore to do the surplus work—
Nor willing higher calls to listless shirk:
As time wore on thy people held the marts,
And led the country in the gentle arts.
Forever ready with the pen or sword
To fight for freedom or to spread the word:
The history they made was worth the cost—
The first in every conflict is their boast.
State Rights through thee have found their final goal;
And now unquestioned yield to Federal Control.

Marion, "the swanp fox," Greene and Moultrie too—
Sumter and Laurens—soldiers brave and true;
The Hampton family and the honored Rhetts,
Who always stood by home in spite of threats;
Calhoun thy orator—second to none—
Of Nullification famous champion;
With Pinckney, Rutledge, Tillman and the like,
Knowing when best to hold—when best to strike;
Hayne, Simms and Timrod with their tuneful lyres,
Who in confederate homes renewed dull fires;
Ramsay, LeConte, DeBow and Gildersleeve,
Helping with learned mind thy woof to weave;
These all are trophies of a noble land
That give thee right among the first to stand.

DELAWARE

The Diamond State! How aptly art thou named?
Land where "true men" as Indians first held forth:
Where Tammany so well once proved his worth—
His name still lingers where he then appalled.
Land of the Mohicans, a tribe once great,
But now departed to its last long grave;
While tomes are written of its latest brave
Ere he passed outward to his lonely fate.
Who of Caucasian race shall credit take
For first discovering thy virgin wild?
Shall Holland claim thee for lost Hudson's sake?
Thro' De La Warr shall Britain call thee child?
Or thro' bold Minuit's intrepid deeds
Must all the honor go to settling Swedes?

But little boots it as the years go by.
Who of far princes once your meadow tilled;
And for possession their serfs lifeblood spilled
In fond delusion they would rule for aye.
For now regardless of monarchic care,
And royal treasure that was spent in vain;
You have evolved with ne'er a blot or stain
Into most Democratic Delaware.
The Blue Hen's Chickens, led by Signer Read,
Showed pampered royalty its darkening way;
And first in zeal approved the rebel deed,
That brought to life the glorious U. S. A.
Patriots like Rodney and McKean,
Illume thy history with a fadeless sheen.

Though small you glisten in Republic Crown;
Your fields of corn and wheat its needs supply;
Your cattle, hay and fruit can want defy;
And help sustain us all when foemen frown.
A hive of industry you build us ships,
Machinery, munitions and the like;
To thy great Dupont does the union hike;
When anxious freedom would warlords eclipse.
When many slaves were owned within your bounds,
Your loyalty was stronger than your need;
And though restraint your ownership confounds:
'Tis written Delaware did not secede.
While on that height from whence the Muses smile,
We view distinctly thy loved Howard Pyle.

MARYLAND.

Oh Maryland! Romantic clime, whose fame
Thy Randall has sent broadcast o'er the earth:
Till now, wherever patriot strength has worth
To sing of thee bespeaks complete acclaim.
Named for Marie the queen of martyred Charles
By Calvert who had fled religious zeal,
And far from bigots planned thy future weal
By founding state aloof from zealots snarls.
On fertile banks of classic Chesapeake,
With broad Potomac's stream thy southern bound,
Thy early settlers made thy woods resound,
With lusty strokes of men who riches seek;
When thy potatoes, peace-pipe weed and maize
Round boards of Europe first became a craze.

On those same banks in far Colonial time
An old-world squabble was fought fiendishly
And Royalist killed Puritan in glee
To prove that kingcraft had a right sublime.
Then wiser grown in Revolution strong,
Thy sons take up the cry for liberty;
And at the front the "Old Line" state we see
Battling in deadly breach the tyrant throng.
Again in eighteen-twelve in wall like stand,
The troops of Maryland meet General Ross,
And save their Baltimore from certain loss,
By brave resistance both on sea and land.
This feat inspired thy long immortal Key
T'enshrine that flag still waving o'er the free.

Thy people have been ever true in war;
In peace thy industry has done its part;
And as result there is no busier mart
Than "Monumental City" famed afar.
Thy glist'ning railroads—oldest in the land—
Thy shipping from both "East" and "Western shore"
Are taxed to surfeit moving surplus store
Of fish—of coal—of products thou hast canned.
Thy rolls contain of famous sons a host;
Carroll and Hanson, Gibbons, Wirt and Schley;
Hopkins, whose gifts forgetfulness defy—
Douglass the negro, who e'en whites might boast.
While from the hearths touched with celestial fire:
Pinkney and homeless Poe reach heavenly choir.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Washington City! Union's Treasured Gem!
Blood consecrated as a freemen's camp:
Storehouse for Uncle Sam of Patriot phlegm:
To far off lands a never failing lamp.
By "Father of his Country" first designed;
Called after him who gave the nation life;
Your selflessness confirms his master mind,
And makes you triumph over every strife.
Set within District that reminds of one
Who, with keen vision saw across strange sea;
And who accomplished what none else had done—
Laid bare new haven from old tyranny.
Columbus and Washington—peerless pair!
That all the world is fain with you to share.

Courage unlimited—Untiring zeal—
These are your spirit Greatest Nation's Heart!
Displayed in state of mind—in builder's art—
In institutions for your country's weal.
The sisterhood of commonwealths combine
Their highest hopes within your sacred pale:
And that such aim shall evermore prevail,
Depends upon each unit in the line.
The very essence of democracy
Is drawn—is crystalized from many strains,
Gathered from differing states in one to be
The perfect product that your air contains.
In foreign nations' most respectful mien
The story of your past is plainly seen.

What shall your future be? Your final goal?
Shall you continue on your selfless course?
Shall you as Athens or as Rome perforce
Become of every art the very soul?
Shall learning bubble from your fountain head
And poesy your classic haunts enfold?
Shall science and invention gains untold
Lavish on students that your schools have bred?
For happy answers to such thoughts (that rise
While gazing at your statues and your spires)
Your White House, Statuary Hall must prize;—
Your orators replenish halfspent fires.
Beacon of Liberty! Of honor, breath!
To stop progressing must for you mean death.



ECHOES OF
THE
GREAT WAR.

SUPPORT THE FLAG.

To arms! To arms! Columbia's call sounds clear:
Arouse! True men! And help support the Flag.
Let Uncle Sam in *all* his strength appear:
Don't fail him now, *when only cowards lag.*

The Stars and Stripes have ever been our pride;
Beneath their folds we've felt no tyrant hand;
Then let us rally to Old Glory's side,
And still maintain the greatest freemen's land.

Shall foreign potentate dictate our course
In honest traffic on the open sea?
Shall we be limited in trade by force
To suit the purpose of far tyranny?

We are surrounded by grim war's alarms!
Americans: Our Country Calls: TO ARMS.

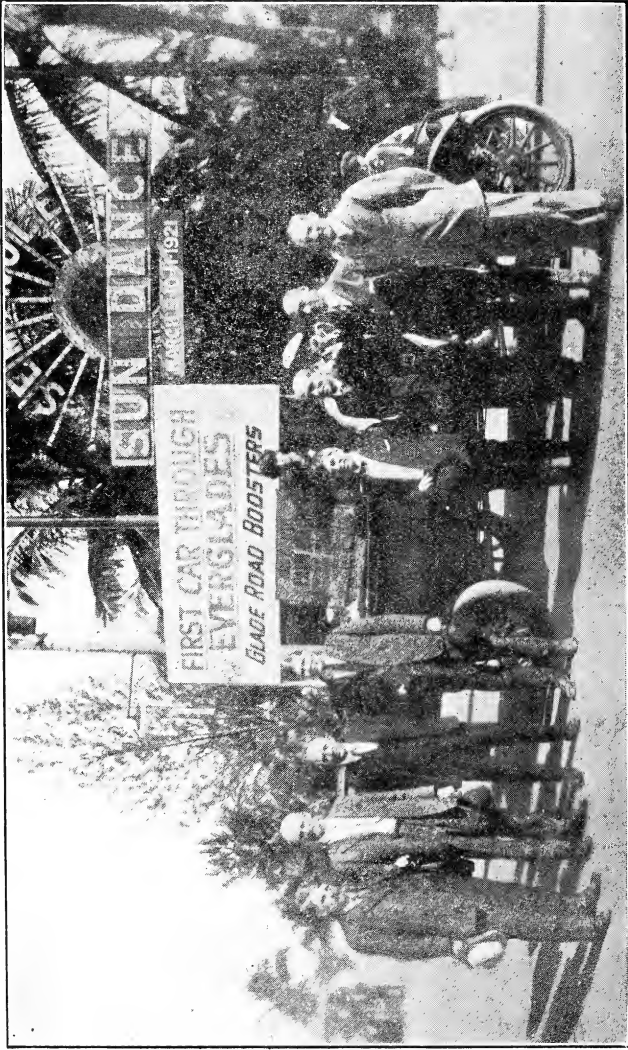
FOR RIGHT OR DEATH.

Since our Country's up against it, and it has to go to war
To protect us from the stigma of the slave;
Since good citizens must muster or explain the reason for
Their failure to be glad to face the grave;
Since the boys in khaki passing have impressed on us the fact
That our neighborhood has heroes in it yet;
Is there not some qualm of conscience urges you and me
to act?
Do we not, in very person, owe a debt?

Tis such debt that is the reason why the bravest men enlist;
Why loved women join the red cross as they do;
Why the farmer double doses on his bacon and his grist;
And mechanics rush the ammunition thro:
Why the poet sings of glory and the honor that's at stake;
Why the grey haired parents yield their children fond;
Why some men who fail to muster and amends would partly
make
Do the next best thing suggested: BUY A BOND.

But a debt above all others is the one we owe the world
To perpetuate for it the rights of man;
All posterity must suffer if down precipice is hurled
The freedom that our fathers died to plan.
Shall we stand inert and idle while a tyrant forges chains
To enfetter those we love both heart and soul?
Or shall we make the effort with our money, brawn and brains
To ever keep in sight our father's goal.

Shall the Lusitania victims be a sacrifice in vain?
Shall our murdered seamen's cries ascend unheard?
Shall the democratic legions who are lying with the slain
Not arouse us to a duty long deferred?
Scorn base ease while men are dying; let us rally strong
and bold!
Let us do whate'er we can to conquer wrong!
May our country lead as ever and despising thoughts of gold
Make the words, "For Right or Death" our Nation's Song.



First auto to reach West Palm Beach, from the heart of the Everglades. The eight men standing in front are good roads boosters as follows: From left to right H. F. Pierce of Hillsboro, L. N. Simon, Geo. F. Bense, State Senator T. J. Campbell and Geo. G. Currie of West Palm Beach, Mr. Meyers of Canalpoint, W. E. Poland of Pahokee and Dr. Thos. E. Will of Okelanta.

GOODBYE SOLDIERS.

Farewell, defenders of our country's fame:
Across the sea you go on hero's quest;
Upon your shoulders does our honor rest:
To you Columbia trusts her blood-bought name.
The men who followed Grant or fought for Lee,
Have set example fair for you, their sons;
And when you battle for democracy,
Your cause alone should overwhelm the Huns.
Our faith is strong that when you meet the foe
A vision of the past will steel your eye;
And like defenders of the Alamo,
You'll win the fight or in the losing die.
Stick to each other and the tyrant quell:
To God we leave you—once again, Farewell.

WOODROW WILSON.

All hail, beloved Teacher! Your praises we sing;
In the heat of the conflict we hand you the palm;
From Earth's farthest limits your laurels we bring :
That your praise is our praise makes sweeter the balm.
Virginia conceived you and showed you the light,
And gave you a boast that must ever ring true:
A start was there made on your climb up the height,
That once in the running no runner might rue.
In Georgia you first delved in letters and lore,
And gained from surroundings the bent of your mind;
From War of Secession came stories of gore
That caused you to shudder at woes of mankind:
At age when it counted your childish delights
Were harassed with dreams of humanity's rights.

If ever a mortal by Fate was prepared,
To fill the position in life that you hold,
You're surely that mortal the gods have declared:
For from day of your birth your course was controlled.
In State after State you've been trained and enthused,
And given new viewpoints to broaden your scope;
Of narrow beginnings you'll ne'er be accused:
Since widest horizons made boundless your hope.
From city—from country—from valley—from hill
Come scenes and appeals that inspire you to act;
The North and the South each add different thrill
To nurture a genius where nothing is lacked.
Absorbing the changes you had to pass through—
To thinker—to doer—to leader you grew.

And now you are President—first in the land:
The World is the platform whereon you perform:
Approved by the Nation in forefront you stand:
Our spokesman—our pilot in gathering storm.
“Preparedness” personified—who might we choose—
More worthy—more certain of holding the fort?
While “watchfully waiting” exchanging vain views
We find you the Judge of a King-trying Court.
In Titanic struggle for conquest supreme,
A Tyrant against you is measuring strength:
Shall forces of Evil prevail in their scheme?
Shall Rights of the People be stifled at length?
But why need we worry and competence chafe?
With you as our Captain Democracy's safe.

THE SOLDIER LOVER'S FAREWELL.

Goodbye Dear Heart! But not forever!
Though I cross the sub strewn main,
True love like ours no sea can sever:
We but part to meet again.
We'll say Farewell—but let our parting,
Like a beacon ever burn:
Reminding not of news disheart'ning
But of happy, sweet return.

While on the fields of outraged France,
Columbia's war I wage;
In Freedom's name to draw a lance,
And savage foes engage;
Yet o'er the din of bloody fray,
As Duty's path I press:
Your parting words will cheer my way:—
I'll feel your proud caress.

Farewell! Farewell! and if with sorrow,
Time hangs heavy o'er your head;
Dream dreams of me and that bright morrow,
When we'll share life's shine and shade.
Dear Heart, Adieu! Let no foreboding
Fill your gentle breast with gloom;
With thoughts of you my footsteps goading—
I must conquer any doom.

While on the fields of outraged France
Our country's war I wage;
In Freedom's name to draw a lance
And savage foes engage;
Yet o'er the din of bloody fray
As Duty's path I press;
Your cheery words will light my way--
I'll feel this loved caress.

GIVE THEM ROOM, THEY SMELL TO HEAVEN

When real men are in the trenches
Or on farms at helpful work;
When the factories loud are calling
So that none may hear and shirk:
Who is he that goes off fishing,
Or on useless jamboree;
And instead of work is wishing
He might loaf more easily?

Give him room—he smells to Heaven!
He's a SLACKER can't you see?
While the live ones all are fighting—
He stays home to prove he's free.

When the Government is asking
All the citizens for cash;
When the banks are freely selling
Bonds and stamps with noble dash;
When the boys their names are giving
To the local registrar,
Who is he so strangely living
That he does not hear of war?

Give him room—he smells to Heaven!
He's a SLACKER can't you see?
While the live ones fight for freedom
He's too cowardly to be free.

When real women in the work room
Knit and sew from week to week;
When the comfort kits are making,
And the wounded, nurses seek;
When the fighters need the sugar
And the beefsteak and the wheat,
Who is she that says she's weary—
And demands her usual meat?

Give her room—she smells to heaven!
She's a SLACKER can't you see?
While the Redcross girls are slaving—
She plays bridge and sips sweet tea.

FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES.

Shall we disown them—these too grateful girls,
Who, near cantonments lose their virgin pride;
Reckless—forgetful of all else beside—
Yielding to soldiers their choicest of pearls?
Shall we walk by them with uplifted nose
Holding our skirts lest we like them become?
We, who, unlike their lovers stay at home,
Nor risk e'en baubles in our country's throes,
Or shall we love them as they should be loved
For sacrifice of even lesser worth?
Move with compassion-aye as they were moved—
Nor crush them in their shame to Mother Earth?
The Golden Rule—the favors heroes claim—
Cry out, "Forgive" or else *all* patriots blame.

THE PATRIOTIC LADIES.

(A SONG.)

There are some of us think fondly of the girl away back home,
And we hold our eyes before us and will never let them roam;
There are others too, have mothers and sweet sisters kind and
true,

Who will keep the home fires burning, since there's nothing
else to do.

But I'm going to pay a tribute to help cheer us on our tramp
To the patriotic ladies who consoled us while in camp.

They were darlings! Who'll deny it?
With their proud admiring eyes;
As we marched along beside them
Neath the lure of moonlit skies:
As we danced the turkey trot
Or in some secluded spot
Swore deep vows of love eternal
In exchange for soulful sighs.

The sailors have a love they say in every foreign port;
It does no harm as others say, to have a friend at court;
We soldiers when we were at home were only common clods
But dressed in Khaki uniform we gave civilians odds;
And when the fair ones saw us they considered each a
"champ"—

Those dear patriotic ladies who consoled us while in camp.

We had the pick of maidens when we met them at a ball;
The stay-at-homes were nowhere if a soldier gave a call;
They treated us as heroes e'en before we won our spurs;
And filled us with the courage that such admiration stirs;
And when we've won the struggle they will hold a lodestone
lamp;

Those dear patriotic ladies who consoled us while in camp.

THE MEN WORTH WHILE.

There are knockers, there are grumblers, there are tenderfeet
galore,

Who will tell us what we can't do, and our littleness deplore;
There are fossils, too, grown hoary in their talk of what was
done.

In some other age and country that is underneath the sun.
And again there are the critics always free with cynic smile,
But the men who really do things are the men worth while.

Chorus.

The men who really do things:
The men who meet the foe;
Who dive right in in spite of sin,
And go where heroes go;
The men who fight the battle,
And act where acting tells:
Are the men of might and mettle
For whom this chorus swells.

Human progress needs them sadly, they are scarce as chicken's
teeth;

When we meet them every person should be ready with a
wreath;

For they have a world of worries to contend with as they go,
Added to a world of prophets who predict they'll end in woe;
And the risks they run to conquer, prove they earn the fruit
of toil,

And that men who really do things are the men worth while.

WHEN LITTLE BELGIUM STEMMED THE TIDE.

Across the Prussian Border rolled
The Hohenzollern's boasted pride;
And Freedom shrieked with woes untold
Lest Belgium might not stem the tide.

The course was barred by solemn deed—
(They would not over Neutral ride)
But what cared Hun for paper screed—
Till little Belgium stemmed the tide.

The Teuton wave thought Honor dead,
And that their way would open wide:
But lo! such bold assurance fled
When little Belgium stemmed the tide.

The Kaiser's dream of worldwide power—
Of cringing nations he might chide—
Turned to a nightmare in that hour
When little Belgium stemmed the tide.

Success depended on surprise—
Surprise that had e'en God belied;
But God avenged the schemers lies
When little Belgium stemmed the tide.

And as the Hun made brag to pass
Behold real heroes true and tried,
Compelled some brutes to bite the grass—
When little Belgium stemmed the tide.

Religion once again took heart;
And Liberty no longer sighed;
For signs divine their acts impart—
When little Belgium stemmed the tide.

And tho' the stand cost seas of blood
And treasure more than space could hide:
The Glory gained repaid the flood:
When little Belgium stemmed the tide.

Throughout the centuries will ring
That sacrifice on Honor's side;
And Freedmen long the song will sing:
"How little Belgium stemmed the tide."

THEY SHALL NOT PASS.

They shall not pass, is what the Frenchman said,
When round him swarmed the legions of the Hun
Bent on destruction of far famed Verdun,
And mingling its defenders with the dead.
To strike the colors and in peace retire
Would have relieved him of an awful load:
His men were falling wheresoe'er he strode,
And every hillock was a funeral pyre.
The odds against him were so very great,
Who could have blamed him if he lowered the flag?
Over the ramparts was a hell of hate—
Dying by thousands to get at that "rag."
"But," said the Frenchman, of heroic class,
"These are the Germans, and **THEY SHALL NOT
PASS.**"

STAND BY THE PRESIDENT.

The President has won our faith
And all we have to give,
It's up to us to stand by him—
The people's cause must live.
The President! The President!
He's ours and yours and mine.
Let's all stand by the President
And sing "the water's fine."

Chorus.

Let's stand behind the President;
No matter what the cost;
Let's stand behind the President
Or else our cause is lost:
Divided legions surely fall—
 as says the proverb true;
Let's stand behind the President
And help him bring us through.

Your colors show and prove your worth,
Let loyalty be seen;
Foul treason lurks in lukewarm smirks
Indiff'rence must bemean:
Your duty to your country boys
Demands your loud support:
Be faithful to the President
And earn his good report.

HOLD THE LINE

A song

(Tune Ho My Comrades.)

In the trenches stand the allies,
Fighting to the death;
All humanity must suffer,
If they give up breath.

Chorus:

Hold the line! Columbia's coming!
O'er Atlantic's tide;
Rally! Sons of Freedom, Rally!
Break the Tyrant's pride.

Though the enemy grows fiercer
In his brutal ire;
From America come millions:
Do not lose your fire.

Men and food and arms are coming;
And your hope is sure:
Hold the line! Nor Yield to Teuton!
Freedom must endure.

All the wisdom of the ages;
All that right has gained;
In the balance stands unsteady:
By grim Might disdained.

Let no Prussian tyrant throttle:
Or your rights define!
Weaken not! But give him battle:
Kinsmen! Hold the Line!

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

Somewhere in France, Americans are fighting—
Paying the debt their country owes to Gaul;
In camp and trench by active work requiring
The tasks required when tyrants would enthrall.

Somewhere in France brave Pershing leads to battle
(As an exchange for deeds of Lafayette)
Millions of men who cope with Teuton cattle—
Even to Death—long friendship to abet.

Somewhere in France, across the substrewn waters,
Where they have gone—nor mattered what may pass—
Columbia's sons and noble redcross daughters
Now face a hell of shot and shell and gas.

Somewhere in France behold this demonstration
That gratitude is not a virtue dead;
It crowns alike the unit or the nation—
And is our greatest boast when all is said.

AMERICA! TO ARMS!

Awake! Awake! Awake! Ye men of Freedom's making!
Shake off your sloth and ACT—the Hun is at our door!
Be quick—be sure—be true—this is no time for quaking—
From Attila the scourge make safe our Eastern shore.
The Sea! The sea! the sea! Our ancient, trusted highway,
Is now the lurking place of cowardly submarine:
'Tis men—real men—we need to hew us out a byway—
Who'll be the next to face and vanquish Hun Machine?

Chorus:

Awake! Awake! Awake! Ye men of Freedom's making!
Shake off this sloth and ACT—the Hun is at our door!
Be quick—be sure—be true—this is no time for quaking!
AMERICA TO ARMS and give them gore for gore.

Shall we await inert to see our country plundered?
Shall we submit in shame while beasts our women rape?
Shall these, our little ones, be rudely from us sundered
To serve a hated foe while we stand by agape?
Arouse! Arouse! Arouse! Be done with idle pleasure:
Take on a freeman's toil! Avenge the Belgian's home!
Stand up for rights of all and reach a hero's measure—
Be worthy of a place in history's classic tome.

OVER THE TOP.

Over the top to the fierce Prussian horde;
Trusting our lives to Democracy's sword.
Battling with minions of Germany's Beast
Following vaguely dim Star of the East.
Over the top while the wild cannons roar:
Over the top where the death demons pour:
Into the thick of it—oh for the trick of it!
God of Democracy, lead on before!

Over the top into *nobody's land*;
Facing the dangers that tyranny planned;
Charging the foeman of Country and Right;
Passing thro' glory out into the night.
Over the top while the wild cannons roar:
Over the top where the shells hiss and soar:
Into the thick of it—feeling the prick of it—
God of Democracy, lead on before!

Over the top from the trenches of gloom;
Into the glare of a glorious tomb;
Here is a real chance to offer our bit,—
To put up or shut up, quicken or quit.
Over the top while the wild cannons roar:
Over the top with the ground wet with gore;
Into the thick of it—quick of it—nick of it—
God of Democracy—lead on before!

Over the top and when all's said and done;
Conquered the tyrant and humbled the Hun;
Give us the habit should new foes out crop—
Ever to close with them *over the top*.
Over the top where real breed takes the floor;
Over the top while the wild cannons roar;
Into the thick of it—making hell sick of it—
God of Democracy, lead on before!

THE BATTALION OF DEATH.

(Composed before the suffrage amendment was passed.)

'Tis often whispered by time serving men,
When they are asked to let the women vote;
That 'twould be folly to let people tote
A load of suffrage—much beyond their ken!
Who lack in everything—in wit—in nerve
In patriotism and in moral power.
“What”, say they, “would befall that luckless hour”
With women voting when her vote would swerve?”
From out Siberia comes an answer loud
Refuting calumny so cowardly base.
If men, their mothers by such jibes becloud
Facts are against them, we can surely trace:
Let Russian men still waste their boastful breath:
Their women taught them strength in face of death.

UNITED STATES

United States! United States!
America's enchanted land;
Where Uncle Sam expectant waits,
To strong uphold each subjects hand,
Invincible in peace and war!
The birthplace of the noble free:
Each State itself a guiding star—
We bow to thee.

We bow to thee; we bow to thee;
And offer homage at thy gates:
Thy starry flag wins liberty
And worldwide love—United States:

United States! United States!
Expanding as the years go by
Where far off realms send delegates
To ask for aid none dare defy.
From Yankee strand from Dixie Land—
From Central Plain from Golden West—
Thy sons all rally at command
To keep thee blest.

We bow to thee and proudly see
Fair Goddess at thy Eastern gates
Who well displays thy liberty
And glorious name United States!

United States! United States!

Whom Washington so ably reared,
That foreign despots hide their hates
Nor rouse thy ire so justly feared.
Whom Lincoln patiently rebound
With ties that evermore will hold
When problems threatened to confound
And rend thy fold.

We bow to thee and fondly see
All men pay homage at thy gates;
Thy starry flag wins liberty
And worldwide fame—United States.

United States! United States!

Long, long united may you be:
While each regime reconsecrates
Thy vim for truth and liberty.
May Doctrine of thy Great Monroe,
Still like thy influence expand
And democratic rights bestow
On every land.

We bow to thee! We bow to thee!
And homage pay within thy gates;
Thy starry flag wins liberty
And worldwide love—UNITED STATES.

LOVE SONGS.

COMMISSIONED BY CUPID.

I wandered in a wood one day
Where Naiads often roam;
Where Nymphs and elfs and fairies play
And Dryads make their home.

Upon a knoll of spongy moss
I sat me down to rest,
And ponder o'er love's latest cross
That rankled in my breast.

For love has aye been dear to me
And caused me lots of care,
And I have ventured in it free
Where others would not dare.

And as I sat in tearful mood,
I heard a noise above;
And peering thru the leafy hood
Beheld the god of Love.

I knew him by his chubby face —
His curly golden hair;
His dimpled chin, his gentle grace,
His most important air.

His wings were closed as thru the boughs
He slipped right silently;
And ere I could myself arouse
Was sitting there by me.

He had his bow within his hand,
And several feathery darts
Were held all ready at command
To pierce cold human hearts.

I noticed ere he spoke a word
He looked a little run;
But never dreamed until I heard
That he was over done.

He came, he said to take the chance
My presence there had made,
To cheer me with consoling glance
And further grief upbraid.

The passion that his shafts compelled
Was really heavenly joy;
And tho by cross was sometimes quelled
Or seemed to hold alloy;

There still was that within each dart,
To permeate the wound,
And give new life to every heart
Wherein the dart was found.

And if by chance the shaft once "took"
Its victim new became,
And never more love's loss would brook—
But passed from flame to flame.

He told me that his task had now
Grown more than he could stand,
And that to draw his faithful bow
Phased e'en celestial hand.

So many people moved about
Unmoved by love divine;
That he must get a deputy
To help him draw the line.

And as I knew so very much
About the passion dear,
He offered me the vacancy—
If I would work sincere.

Ha! ha! thought I, here is my chance!
This is the task I crave;
Aloud I told him with a glance,
"I'll in your service slave."

I asked him then instructions full
Which he did quick rehearse;
But when I asked him for a bow
He said: "Just shoot with verse."

I asked him how we would divide
To keep our work apart?
Said he "I'll pierce the manly side—
You aim at woman's heart."

I told him that the chance was strong
Some maids might call me flirt,
If I, as his apostle, long,
Made many bosoms hurt.

But with this cheerful parting jest:
 (He proved he knew his man):
"If you can't do the very best,
 Do the very best you can."

So now as Cupid's Deputy,
 These verses here I show;
They have already done their work—
 This is their after glow:

TO PSYCHE—MY SOUL.

(An acrostic.)

My charming admirer, my Beacon, my Light!
Your virtues enshrine you on dizziest height.
However contrary false custom may sham;
Each impulse compels me to give you the palm.
Around you aromas are hovering still—
Reminding me ever of ecstatic thrill,
That you in your innocence cause me to feel,
If of you I ponder in woe or in weal.
So here let me offer the homage I owe—
Yield honors and pleasure your friendship inspires.
Oh who would not gladly confess to each throe
Unloosed by a passion such loveliness fires?
Regardless of rule or propriety's course:
Suppressed admiration stays true to its source.

DRUNK WITH LOVE.

Oh, Marie Darling, must I plead
In vain a chance my love to prove;
Why do you doubt my urgent need,
When faith e'en mountains may remove?

Give me, My Loved One, all I ask;
Nor question if I will be true;
For you I swear there is no task
So great I would not gladly do.

I gaze upon your lovely face,
I touch with reverence your form;
In every line I see a grace—
With every touch I feel a charm.
Your presence all my being thrills;
To me you shine like Saints above;
Within your arms life has no ills;
But, I, Dear Heart, grow drunk with love.

BEATIFICATION BY RENUNCIATION.

Why should I rave o'er the girl *I love*?
She goes her way how she pleases best;
My songs are chatter that she'll reprove—
Her fool am I by my maddening quest.

She that *loves me* is the one to sing;
My half breathed note sets her soul on fire;
My smile is a benison on wing,
That feeds the passion of her desire.

So come dear love with the longing eyes!
My false vagrant taste I here resign;
By such renouncement I win life's prize;—
A woman's heart that is wholly mine.

MY VALENTINE.

(*An acrostic and sonnet in honor of a lady friend whose first name is Valentine, and who lives in Providence, Rhode Island.*)

My years are in the yellow leaf,
Remarked friend Byron, ere he died;
Some worm, some canker and some grief
Veiled all the joys for which he sighed.
E'en as the poet I was lone;
My mental world was all awry:
Cold was my heart and hard as stone—
Cheerless my calculating eye;
Reckless I roamed, when Lo—Behold!
I looked to Providence and dreamed
Life was not after all so cold—
Life was not cheerless as it seemed:
In joyous wit and sparkling shine
Still lingered near my Valentine.

MY LADY LOU.

Lou Angevine of dainty form,
Of voice that soothes and smiles that warm,
Of many a sweet and gracious charm
 Has won my heart;
And now thro' life's tempestuous storm
 She is my chart.

I think of her where'er I go;
I share with her each joy I know;
And try to shield from every woe,
 This pansy rare;
For me no garden plot can grow
 A flower more fair.

Her eye is like the diamond keen;
Her changing moods are opaline;
Upon her lip is often seen
 The ruby's hue;
E'en nut brown tress has jewel's sheen
 In Lady Lou.

And this bright gem—this flower most rare—
This maiden mariner so fair—
Has vowed such love—such tender care
 For me and mine;
There is no fate I would not dare
 With Angevine.

LIFE'S BITTER SWEET.

I have a friend—a lovely, far-off friend—
A friend it would be ominous to face;;
Who, while she charms by distance me disarms,
And I'm reformed and chastened by such grace.

I have a friend—a dainty, gentle friend—
Who when she writes with fragrance fills the page
And when I read I read and then re-read—
Nor scarce can read enough the message sage.

I have a friend—a strong, industrious friend,
Who tells of noble interests galore;
Whose many aims my lagging spirit shames,
And I am spurred to climb the heights once more.

I have a friend—a white, a spotless friend—
A friend whose hopes are fixed in yonder blue;
And in my pain I clank the galling chain
That holds me from a friend so pure—so true.

I have a friend—a patient, loyal friend—
A friend who knows too well my changing mood;
And who stands by in turn to laugh or cry—
But keeps me to the course that men call good.

I have a friend—a sweet, platonic friend—
A rose that in my neighbor's garden blooms:
Yet for that friend—that dear, forbidden friend
A hidden fire with tragic throe consumes.

DREAM-MAIDENS.

Oh airy fairy filmy maids,
With shining locks and shimmering braids:
I see your smiling faces beam
All mirrored in my fancy's dream.

I feel you like the lilies pure
With fragrance all my suff'rings cure;
Your blushing cheeks with soft, pink glow
Tell tales to me that roses know.

Your eyes seem made from scraps of blue
That fall from sky when stars peep through,
And your red lips with Cupid bows
Impart the bliss that true love knows.

Your lithe forms move with boughsome grace,
All garlanded and gowned in lace;
While your white feet trip lightly o'er
The green as fairies' feet of yore.

You must have caught from angels fair
Those wreaths that bind your flowing hair;
And all the goddesses of Heaven
Their choice of charms to you have given.

Oh! Laugh and frolic; sing and play
With birds and flowers the livelong day;
For with your fancied songs of mirth
You scatter joy o'er my bleak earth.

L. S. McA. and G. G. C.
In Collaboration.

THE CHARM OF HAMILTON.

I've lived in the Ambitious City,
Have trodden its streets o'er and o'er;
Have sat, to embellish my ditty,
In beautiful Dundurn and Gore:
But now that I'm far from the comforts
And beauties of Hamilton fair;
Sweet Allie recalls to my mem'ry
The scenes that I fain would be near.

I've lain on the sides of the mountain,
O'erlooking this promising town;
Have drunken, as though from a fountain,
The entrancing scen'ry aroun':
But rows upon rows of fine buildings,
With church spires a-tow'ring to sky,
Seem nought but a network of gildings,
With Allie's sweet smile in my eye.

In the moonlight I've sailed 'neath the railway,
Away up Desjardins canal;—
And startled the wierd ghostlike stillness,
When crickets' faint chirpings appal;
And yet, though that ride made me tremble,
While passing the graveyard so drear;
Still life does its ghouls much resemble,
When Allie's not by me to cheer.

I've rowed o'er Macassa's still waters,
To the far-famous Burlington Beach;
That holds a great lake in its fetters,
And stows its waves out of his reach:

Yet this to a heart-sickened lover
Seems hardly worth mention at all;
For I still must continue a rover,
Till Allie my steps may recall.

WHY SHOULD I WORRY.

Dorothy once was a tiny wee girl
Who sat on my knee while I toyed with her curl;
She looked at my watch, my knife and my pen,
And wondered if they could be opened again.
Her saucer like eyes she would stretch out wide,
As I told how the giant that Jack killed died;
And when I made rabbits from kerchiefs white,
She'd laugh at their antics till almost night.
And she was so cute, so bright and so merry,
That I taught her to call me "Uncle Currie."

But years have transpired since that came to pass;
And Dorothy now is a billowy lass.
She'd surely be shocked or at least have a fit,
If again on my knee I should ask her to sit;
My watch, or my knife or my pen has no chance
To charm a young lady now wanting to dance.
And if I should dare to begin about Jack;
Or take out my kerchief in rabbit attack;—
My finish I see. But I swear its a worry:
The one thing that fits is I'm still "Uncle Currie."

HER BREATH IS LIKE THE PERFUME OF THE ROSE

There's a dainty little maiden,
Who is all the world to me,
And for whom my grateful heart with love o'erflows;
For her panting breast and blushes,
And her clasp speak love for me,
And her breath is like the perfume of the Rose.

She is sweet and neat and lovely;
She is gentle, pure and true;
This maid whose virtue every action shows;
And I see myself engraven
In her tender eyes of blue,
While her breath is like the perfume of the Rose.

And this little maiden dainty—
This enchantress fair and free;
Whose perfections on my fancy daily grows;
Through her lips so ripe and clinging,
Breathes her preference for me,
And her breath is like the perfume of the Rose.

IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF FAVORS.

(from a lady member of the Fourth Estate.)

My mail—Oh joy! Contains a proof
Miss Ruby is my friend;
And in acknowledgment profound
This verse to her I send:

For lack of friends some poets starve,
But I'm in luck, I swear;
Since she, a dainty journalist—
As generous as she's fair—
Gives me publicity galore,
Of extra kind review;
Then hands me a receipted bill
To prove her kindness true.
Yet I'll refrain from too much thanks—
(I tell it in distress)
Because in shaking hands with her,
I might o'erwork The Press.

SERMON ON SOLOMON TO HIS RECALCITRANT WOMEN FOLKS.

TEXT: Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow, --
they toil not neither do they spin. Yet verily I say unto you
that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one
of these.

Oh! ye wives! (how many were there?)
And ye concubines galore!
Mark the message from the Scripture
That real ladies should deplore.
Can it be despite the numbers
Sol arranged to give you ease
You were yet inclined to shirking
Duties that your lord might please?
Think of him, the poor old darling,
Worrying from morn till night,
Trying with his every effort
To support his family right.

And in spite of all his worry
You, ye loveless, lazy crew,
When a rip came in his mantle,
Shirked it for a stitch or two.

Till the wise man of the Bible,
He who greatest temple made,
Is the byword of the people
At the way he was arrayed.

Yet our hero, so tis written,
Just to hide domestic pain,
Made the saying since so common:
"Said the preacher all is vain."

Zounds! how could you be so cruel?
To a man who loved you so
That in order to console you
He was ever on the go?

But alas this man of wisdom
With his wealth and wives and years
Every rag he had was holey—
E'en the lillies brought him tears.

MORAL:

Many wives mean many troubles,
This the modern husband grants;
But remember Dears the message:—
Sew that button on his pants.

BERTHA'S COMPROMISE.

(acknowledging receipt of a present of grapes)

Miss Bertha was a kindly maid
All willowy and fair,
With hazel eyes that first dismayed
Then filled one with despair.

Across my path she often came,
Which I took not amiss,
And waited for the gentle flame
To kindle to a kiss.

But when I thought that she was mine
And life showed no escapes
Instead of offering Cupid's wine—
She handed me some grapes.

But wait awhile my pretty sweet!
I'll get you yet I swear;
Such compromise admits defeat—
So you had best beware.

SWEETS TO THE SWEET.

(With a box of candy given in acknowledgment of a rose received at the gracious hands of a generous lady stranger).

Dear little lady with the friendly heart
Who saw me lonely and would give me cheer;
And from your boquet with unconscious art
Presented me a rose in accents clear.

Take in return this box of Huylers sweets
And if the box contains what you deserve;
There will therein be never ending treats,
From one who wishes he might always serve.

HOLDING HANDS WITH PEGGY

(The word "rouged" is quoted to call the young lady's attention to the authors continued disbelief in her protestations, that her rosy cheeks might be artificial.)

You blasé folks with bank rolls fat,
May boast of dinners rare;
Of parties to the opera-t;
And travels everywhere;
Of charming friends who dance and sing
To strains of famous band,
But you are welcome to your fling—
While Peggy holds my hand.

Oh Peggy is a winsome dear
From Oklahoma State;
Her eyes shine like two dew drops clear
And her "rouged" cheeks are great.
She is a queen I say for sure,—
All own her royal wand,
And I would have her reign endure:
While Peggy holds my hand.

Yes, Peggy is a Western flower
That blooms by Eastern sea;
Her Titian locks defy my power
To tell their power o'er me.
Her luscious lips control me quite—
I move at her command,—
And earth has all of heaven's delight
While Peggy holds my hand.

UNMASKED; or Discovery of the Three Graces at
Christmas Cove, Me.

*Verses in honor of Mrs Edith Van Brakle of New York,
Miss Glenn Foster of Portland, Me. and Miss Anna Wirsing
of Oradell, New Jersey.*

I now know where the Graces dwell,
I found them up in Maine;
They had assumed new names, a spell,
But their disguise was vain.

One said from Gotham she had come;
And she was Faith I found,
I proved it, tho' she kept quite mum,
By virtues most renowned.

The one that Portland tried to claim,
Was Hope without a doubt;
Her soulful eyes, proved her a prize,
That never could wear out.

Sweet Charity with maiden wile
Pretended she had come
A dainty belle from Oradell—
But that was not her home.

They were from Heaven—everyone—
Incog. at Christmas Cove;
And when they waved adieu, I knew,
Theirs was Angelic Love.

GOODNIGHT AND GOODBYE.

“Goodnight” and “Goodbye” and the parting seemed glad,
But oh! what a sham was the seeming:
For I never in all of my life felt more sad,
Though Esther appeared to be dreaming

It was she said, “goodnight,” and ’twas I said, “goodbye”—
As the hopes of a season were falling:
“Bon Voyage” I exclaimed as I repressed a sigh,
And the thumps of my heart were appalling.

I had looked in her eyes—had hoped they were true—
And had dreamed they looked on me with kindness;
But now I had waked and had nought else to do
But to quake at my own utter blindness.

I had builded a castle so towering in air
It could not mean else but disaster;
Yet I shuddered, as down came the edifice fair—
Though ’twas strange that it did not come faster.

She remarked on the weather as I took her hand,
And told of her trip on the morrow;
And glibly I answered—my tongue in command—
But my breast was a turmoil of sorrow.

Ah, yes, there was no one to blame but myself;
What mattered how oft I had blessed her?
I was poor and she was Enamored with pelf—
And so, it was “goodbye” to Esther.

THE PROPOSAL.

Kind Clara with the soft brown eyes
These lines of love I send,
In hopes that you, to truth grown wise,
Will love for love extend.

Your dainty feet, your lithesome form,
Your unexampled grace,
Your lodestone laugh, your handclasp warm,
Your sweet—your lovely face,

Have stolen ev'ry waking thought
Since first I met my fate;
And now I'm fastened to the spot
If you but bid me wait.

There is no girl in all the world
Whose lips I'd rather kiss;
Whose tight'ning arms, and yielding charms,
Could give me greater bliss.

And so Dear Heart these lines I write,
In wishful ecstasy,
To ask can you true love requite?
Will you *my* Clara be?

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

There'e a maid threats my undoing—
She claims me despite my wife;
She smiles sweetly on my wooing,
And for her I'd give my life;

She throws kisses to me daily,
And if you'll the secret keep:
I hold hands with her quite gaily,
And she haunts me in my sleep.

She assures me that she loves me,
In a thousand different ways,
Till I just can't help my feelings—
And quite rashly sing her praise.
And I sit and scheme about her
Just like other fickle men:—
But my wife says she's not jealous
Of our daughter Imogen.

THE SUCCESSFUL MARRIAGE.

(These lines are written in honor of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Sauer of Flushing, N. Y. in memory of a very pleasant week end as their guest.)

He loves his wife, and she just worships him.
They both are watchful of each others whim:
It is no task their many wants to meet—
The work is pleasure for true love is sweet.
She never waits him but with studied care
To primp her person or to smooth her hair;
Which holds him steadfast for he feels somehow
This proves her mindful of her marriage vow.
'Twas what she did when first he came to woo!
How much more needful as the years come thru?
For flesh is flesh and marriage has no right
To scorn Dame Nature and her appetite.
Thus for the other each to life adds leaven;
And by continued striving *home is heaven.*

TWIN SWEETHEARTS.

I have twin sweethearts, and my case
Is very sad indeed,
For when I would affection trace
I can't tell which I need.

Bright Anna meets me with a smile
And an impulsive push,
That must all sex starved swains beguile,
And wins me with a rush.

But Edith comes with pensive ways
And steady gentle flame
And lo! my seeming certain praise
Zigzags in manner tame.

Alone with each, I have no doubt
Which is the perfect she;
Together—in a hopeless rout
I own I am at sea.

Yes, I've twin sweethearts—yet must die
A love deserted man,
Unless I woo both to the sky
By route Mahommedan.

MINNIE'S CONQUEST.

I found some roses on my desk
Upon my natal day,
Among a lot of other gifts
That friends had steered my way:

Dear Maggie had sent socks of silk,
While Harriet sent a tie,
Sweet Imogene sent handkerchiefs,
My weeping eyes to dry;
A bow of pink from Marion
Concealed her latent love,
A silver headed walking cane
Did Fanny's kindness prove,
Ingenious Mary sent a hen
To eat, or set, or sell,
And others offered gentle words
To show they wished me well;
But as I looked my trophies o'er
The roses would not down:
The compliment to me they bore
For Minnie earned the crown.

WHEN THE SHADES ARE DOWN.

My dear old time sweetheart, with gentlest of eyes,
In which shines the lovelight—my steadiest prize;
Your faithfulness ever compels some reward,—
So here come these lines to get under your guard.

I'm only a man with his foibles and fire;
To give you what's yours I'm consumed with desire;
I'd fain scatter pansies your footsteps beneath,
That you, from my passion, might fashion a wreath.

The past, with its worries and failures is rife;
The future with love hours could still redeem life;
Take heed then, My Loved One, I dare you to frown—
Nor venture too close when the shades are all down.

EPISTLE TO MARGUERITE.

Oh Marguerite! Fair Marguerite!
I sit and dream of you, My Sweet:

Methinks your eyes in thoughtful gaze,
Meet mine—then light with happy blaze;

And thro' the distance I can see
Your lips repeating: Come to me;

Your panting breast, your blushing cheek,
Still surer, clearer, louder speak;

While o'er the witching, joyous din,
I hear the call "Be brave and win."

So Marguerite, My Marguerite—
You must not blame this missive's heat,

When in your ear it whispers free:
"You are the Queen of Love to me."

Take it as tho' it were my hand—
Or better still young Cupid's wand;

Let your dear lips its whiteness feel,
Then to your heart pray let it steal;

For it conveys from me to you,
The message of a lover true:

And listen well—for love is sweet!
My loved—my loving Marguerite.

WHERE I WEAR MY HALO.

(Written in response to the request of Miss Halo D. who said,
"Oh, say, Mr. C., won't you please write a poem about me?")

Many people have to die to get a halo,
Or at least they have to prove they are a saint:
And the one is very hard,
For a life ambitious bard;
While the other is the very thing he "ain't."

But a halo is not always so elusive:
For example, I've found one that suits my eye;
She's not worn around one's head,
Nor held back until one's dead,
Though the rays she spreads abroad make lover's sigh.

She's a maid of clinging, willowy proportions;
With a smile that dazzles like the morning sun,
Her lips are ripe and ruddy,
And her cheeks charm everybody,
And her snappy eyes are brimming o'er with fun.

Therefore as I sit and think about this Halo—
Trying hard meanwhile to dodge young Cupid's dart,
And inquiring, *Where Oh, Where!*
Could I such a halo wear?
I discover she's already in my heart.

MAID OF HAVANA.

Shy maid of Havana, I steal to thy shrine,
To yield thee the homage my heart says is thine;
Though far I have wandered and much I have seen—
The fair *senorita* ranks easily queen.

With locks like the raven—with eyes like the deer—
With cheeks wherein roses demurely appear—
With soft pencilled arches on brows that aim high—
With lips that like magnet resistance defy:

I may not dissemble nor longer delay;
I'm forced by such beauty real homage to pay:
So gentle art thou and so dainty and true—
What else could a lover of honesty do?

So here I declare thou art lovely and sweet
From tresses of ebon to shapeliest feet;
Thy modest demeanor—thy freedom from guile—
Are only eclipsed by thy angelic smile.

And me—most unworthy—I gladly confess—
That smile has exalted to heaven's happiness.
So Maid of Havana! Delmira divine!
I hand thee this tribute and kneel at thy shrine.

TO A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN TEARS.

Oh, peerless lady with the tearful eyes
I love you in your grief,
And if to tell you that you are a prize
Will give you some relief;
I'm here to whisper in your pretty ear,
That could I conquer fate,
I'd fain far banish ev'ry truant tear,
And woo you for a mate.

Your smiling visage when grim woe retires
 Could fill with thrills of joy;
And all the fervor that your sex inspires
 Would answer glances coy.
I'm one would take you in my eager arms,
 And fold you to my heart;
For aye to keep you and your lovely charms
 Where grief no more has part.

Your ever yielding and voluptuous form—
 Your curly soft brown hair—
Your glowing features with pink currents warm—
 To win I aught would dare.
Your melting eyes of tender earnest grey,
 With sorrow sears my soul!—
Fair queen of beauty chase those tears away,
 And be love's highest goal.

WITH CHRISTMAS REMINDER TO MISS
 BRITTINGHAM.

To my muse in the west
Who I've put to the test
And proved to be staple and true:
This letter is sent
With a check as content
And of wishes in kind not a few.

Since Christmas is here
With its love and its cheer,
I take pleasure in steering your way,
Such love as I can
(As an old married man)
And wish you all joys of the day.

Under separate address,
I send by express
(To be truthful I mean parcel post)
Some marshmallows sweet,
That I'd fain have you eat,
In memory of far away host.

And remember, Dear Friend,
You may always depend
If ever you journey down here,
Without any doubt,
Our latch key hangs out
And a welcome awaits you sincere.

I SING OF LOVE.

I sing of Love—undying love—
The love that suffers and is kind;
The love that's like to that above;
The love that sages say is blind.

I sing of love—of constant love;
Such love as Josephine inspires;
And while the tuneful breezes rove,
They fan to flame half latent fires.

I sing of love—of happy love;
A joy that all the world may know;
The rich—the poor—alike may prove
The rapture of ecstatic throe.

I sing of love—delirious love:
Yet delicate beyond compare;
For if a hairbreadth wrong we move,
Our angel leaves us unaware.

I sing of love—and in my song
Would fain impart to all my bliss;
I fain would tell the madding throng
There is no sweet to equal this.

I sing of love—yet while I sing,
A tremor turns my gladsome strain;
For though my words with pleasure ring:
The slightest fault may make them vain.

I sing of love—And hold each note,
So precious is the wondrous theme;
For oh! I wear the lover's coat
And worship e'en its shortest seam.

I sing of love—and in my glee
I see one form before my eye—
Two lips that mean the world to me,
That give me life or bid me die.

I sing of love—Loud, loud, I sing!
But always that same form I see:
The music can no other bring—
For she is ALL of LOVE to me.

TO LELIA IN TAMPICO.

Where oil wells draw the madding crowd,
Across the Mexique sea;
And fortunes double overnight
For some who gamble free:
In Tampico, whose distant boom
Attracts the motley throng,
There lives a lady dear to me
For whom I sing this song.

The wealth of Croesus has its lure,
To those who give it heed;
The liquid power that drives the world
Demands heroic deed:
But Tampico could ne'er attract
A dreamer such as me,
If Lelia were not there to charm
And yield me ecstasy.

But she is there. Oh happy thought!
And so my soul is fired,
To find a way to Tampico—
That I may be inspired.
And when with her—the dainty sweet—
The darling that I've proved;
No riches will again entice
From one so much beloved.

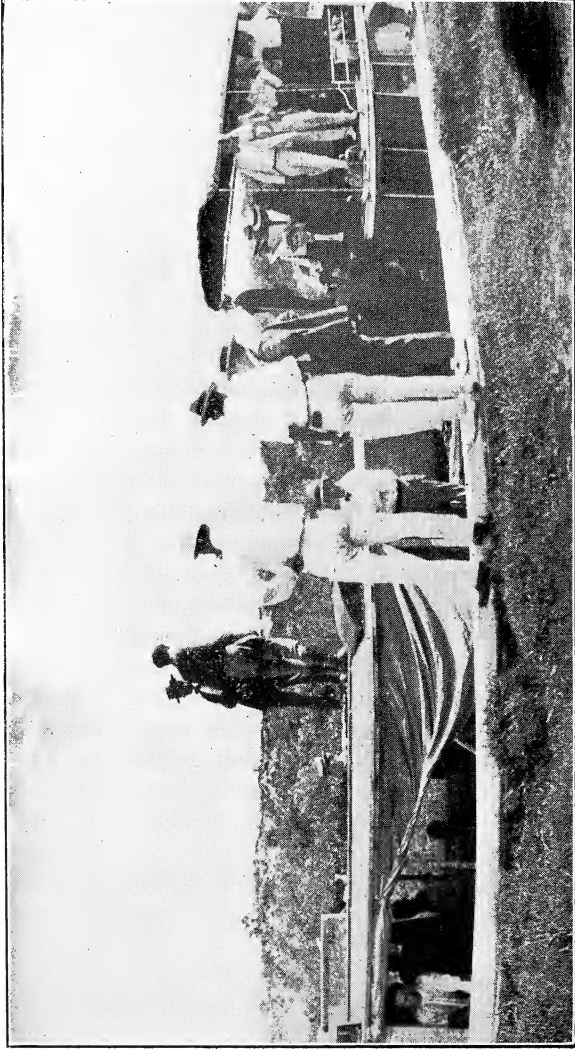
JESSIE AND THE ROSE.

Kind Jessie gave a rose to me—
As lovely as red rose could be:
It was so large and full and warm,
It seemed to radiate every charm.
While leaves of green and thorny stem—
By contrast showed it up a gem;
Its petals soft, with gentle art
Lay row on row against its heart,
Each one alike and yet so free,
It stood on its own dignity.
And from the whole such fragrance came
My room breathed rose and love and flame.

Yes, Jessie gave a rose to me!
A rose with wondrous subtlety:
For as I gazed that rose upon,
I thought of Jessie on and on;
From out its folds her features beamed
With beauties that I had not dreamed;
Her luscious lips, her fondling hair,
Her billowy neck and breasts—were there,
Each pleading with her tender eyes,
That I decide which won the prize.
And while that rose was round about,
Jessie was queen without a doubt.

MY DARLING'S BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

The beautiful hands of the woman I love,
Are the model of hands to me;
For they daily endeavor by kind acts to prove
Their genuine loyalty.



Boat containing West Palm Beach Boosters in a State Drainage Canal near the heart of the Florida Everglades. Millions of acres of these rich reclaimed lands are calling a welcome to the enterprising cattlemen, sugar planters, fruit growers and truck farmers of the world.

When distraught with struggle those beautiful hands,
Have chased all my worries away
As they silently smoothed like magical wands
My forehead in twilight grey.

When testing the pleasure and joyous delight,
That their services brought to me;
The bliss was more keen as I held them more tight—
Those beautiful hands, Cherie.

So where'er I ramble, whatever I do,
No matter what bar twixt us stands,
I'll surely remember with tenderness true,
My darling's most beautiful hands.

THE UNATTAINABLE.

There's a lovely, lovely lady,
Living off in yonder dell,
Who has proved herself what all the world desires:
And I sit and think about her:
Till my veins with red blood swell:
And I swoon with the sweet rapture she inspires.

But I may not touch my lady—
For grim Fate forbids such bliss:
And I'm forced to pay my homage from afar:
Yet my pent-up passion stirs me
All the more because of this;
And she shines within my vision like a star.

Her dear person like a garden
Grows the fairest flowers that bloom:
Not a bud that thought might hallow leaves her out;
And remembrance of my lady,
Fills the air with such perfume,
That her presence must be heaven without a doubt.

In her mind are tomes of wisdom—
While her heart is “depths of love”
Where I long to bathe and float and cleanse my soul:
But the chains of heathen custom
Hold me so I may not move:
And I SEE but dare not REACH life’s highest goal.

FIRE TO FIRE!

(Soliloquy before consigning a bundle of love letters to flames of destruction.)

Fond records of a Darling Love!
Too sacred e’en to name—
Let me once more your sweetness prove,
Before you fill the flame.

Your scorching words a war might wage;
And I have swooned with bliss,
While reading your impulsive page
With many a hungry kiss.

The eager hands that wrote the tale
That you have flashed to me,
I’ve held in thought, nor did I fail
To press with lover’s glee.

The dear response that passion gives,
I've listened to through you;
And though you burn, Thank God still lives,
The one who made you true.

I hesitate to do the act,
That robs me of the joy,
Of feeling for a very fact,
Your shafts of Cupid Coy.

But woe alas! I may not keep
Your tell tale leaves around;
An evil world might thistles reap,
Where we thought flowers abound.

So, records of a secret sweet,
That taught me to aspire;
One last fond time I steal your heat;
Then feed you fire to fire.

'T WAS EVER THUS.

Wife mine was off vacating
As dear wives are wont to do,
And I was (as one may opine)
Feeling just a little blue;
When kind Fate across my pathway
Placed a maiden sweet and fair,
With lips ruddy and chin dimpled
And the curliest of hair.

With a welcome smile she met me,
Then she showed me where to sit,
By the hand she took me gently
And most softly fondled it;
First she talked about the weather
In a chic familiar way,
And when love became our topic,
She knew just the thing to say.

I was charmed, you may imagine,
And I told her of my zest
As I watched her tapered fingers
While my own they gently pressed;
All my loneliness forgotten—
Banished all domestic ills—
There I sat within the gloaming
In an ecstasy of thrills.

But alas there comes an ending
To the dearest kind of joy,
I was forced, despite the pleasure,
To forego my charmer coy;—
Manicuring was her business;
And her task on me being done,
She dismissed me for another
After taxing me *one bone*.

FRIENDS AT COURT.

Two friends at court have I;
Who always take my part;
They hear my every sigh,
And prime me to take heart.

Should I detect her wiles,
Or seek her gifts in vain,
My haughty Delia smiles
P'raps in cold disdain.

But there demure and sweet
My friends refuse to budge;
And for my sake entreat
What love can scarce begrudge.

Then soon behold a change!
My Charmer's eyes wax kind;
In open arms—how strange—
A warm embrace I find.

Thus ever when I plead,
And urge the pangs I feel;
Those friends fulfil my need
As court of last appeal.

Two friends at court have I,
On whom my future rests;
To them I soft apply:
My Delia's throbbing breasts.

BROWN-EYED BESSIE.

There's a bonnie, brown-eyed lassie,
In an Osceola cot;
Who I fain would hand a blossom:
Yes, a blue forget-me-not:

For I find her so enchanting,
When we meet in leisure hour,
That I need but look upon her,
To detect her gentle power.

With her air of independence—
Full of courage—full of pep—
One can sense a world of virtues
In her quick elastic step.

And she's so enthusiastic
In expressing what she thinks,
That a thirst in me created
From her happy ardor drinks.

I can feel her curls of auburn,
As they cluster o'er her brow,
Steal a march and nestle snugly
Near my heart—I know not how.

When her rosebud lips confront me,
And her crimson mantling cheeks—
In the hubbub of the Silence—
Lo to me a Venus speaks.

Yes, my dainty brown-eyed Bessie;
You are surely most complete;
And your poet—paying homage—
Kneels a suppliant at your feet.

COULD WE COME BACK.

Ah me! Dear Heart! Was it last night—
Or was it centuries ago?
That we exchanged love's sweet delight
And felt the bliss of lover's throe?
I see you now with happy smile
Clasp hands as on our way we meet;
I feel the grip—electric wile—
That caused my heart to faster beat.

The moonlight walks in palmy groves,
I can recall with old time glee;
When each to each we vowed our loves
And you were all the world to me.
Your lips in lingering long embrace
I feel in ecstasy again:
I see the flush upon your face
When breast pressed breast in parting pain.

We parted—yes, *then I came back*—
Alack! Alack! Ah me! My queen!
But now, tho' crossing oft your track,
We meet, a cruel wall between.
Yet still, I wonder, each such time,
Do former hopes your bosom fill?
Could I once more make love sublime?
Could you yet offer thrill for thrill?

PROMETHEUS BROUGHT DOWN TO DATE.

(A pretty Washington stenographer—Miss Estelle G—having privately retained an extra copy of some verses she typewrote for the author casually asked afterwards if it mattered? He smilingly answered “certainly not” and in a little while handed her the following lines to show just how he felt about it.)

Prometheus, so the ancients tell,
To prove his love for man,
Stole fire from heaven thereby to swell
The power that then began.

But Estelle, of more modern times,
To show like love for art,
Made off with a proud poet's rhymes,
And thereby “stole” his heart.

SWEET DOROTHY DIMPLE.

(Alias Dorothy Bigelow, alias my daughter's 14 yr. old chum. This poem is written by request.)

Sweet Dorothy Dimple, with lollypop eyes,
Is one in a million I swear;
Her caramel lips there are few would despise;
And likewise her chocolate hair.

Her brow is as white as an ice creamy cone,
Her chin has a cute little part,
Her Cupid bow mouth gives her smile such a tone—
It reminds you of cranberry tart.

Her cheeks are like peaches that all want to bite;
Her skin is as soft as a lamb;
And when she says nice things, you're ready to fight—
It tastes just like grandmother's jam.

Yes, Dorothy Dimple is all to the good:—
But be warned, kid, don't treat her too gay;
For when she gets grown (if I'm still in the mood)
I'll defy you to take her away.

FOREVER YOURS.

I have a letter from a darling love,
That in its having makes me rich indeed;
Tho' worldly fortune may most meagre prove,
I'm still worth millions if I give it heed.
Mere wealth is dross where sentiment's at stake;
But love all ills of life triumphant cures;
My Dear One Writes me: "Let the mountains quake
"Remember Sweetheart, I'm forever yours."

Forever yours! Oh joy! Oh Bliss Divine!
How may I thank her for so deep a draught?
How may I truthfully such love enshrine?
How may I compensate so keen a shaft?
The message permeates me through and through,
It makes my darling grow of me a part,
What matters trouble while such love I woo?
Failure is futile near such faithful heart.

HER KISS.

Her kiss! Oh bliss the most profound
That I have ever known;
Would that my verse might all astound,
And make my joy their own.
A benefactor then most rare,
I'd live on ev'ry breath—
My fame would fill the vagrant air
And bless long after death.

Her Kiss! Oh ecstasy divine
That penetrates my soul!
That thrills me like entrancing wine
And proves Life's dearest goal.
I feel it tingle on my lips—
Then course thro ev'ry vein;
Submerging me in sweet eclipse
Where nothing else seems sane.

Her Kiss! Dear God How may I tell
The rapture that it lends?
Help me to choose the sounds to use
To show how it transcends!
We touch—I sip—I smile—I swoon—
But words my meaning miss;
E'en song of birds in early June
Could scarce suggest HER KISS.

MY FAVORITE TIPPLE.

There are those who like their soda or their cocacola dope
And they tell us that such glories never fade;
While another brand of drinkers in the future bids us hope,
That we'll quench our thirst with milk and lemonade:
There are some talk loud of cider or of Dublin stout and beer,
And inflame our appetites with such like chaff:
But they're sidetracked in a minute when upon the scenes
appear
Those who tell about the wines they daily quaff.

There are others tell of eggnog—of mint juleps and the like
Of gin cocktails, tom and jerry's and hot Scotch;
And they cause our teeth to water naming coffee with a spike'.
Or recounting sparkling Rhenish a la Boche.
There's the "cratur" from ould Ireland or sweet Sake from
Japan
There is pulque and mescal from cacti bloom;
There is moonshine from the mountains that gives such relief
to man
Or there's hoochينو that spells the Indians doom.

Then some connoisseurs come forward with a song about
Chartreuse;
Or they rave about delicious creme de menthe;
And in accents wild they gurgle of some other kind of brews
That they guarantee to be the grand Nepenthe.
But I'm here to end the boasting while your glasses deep you
dip
In the vintage that to you is crowned the queen:
For believe me, I reject them and return once more to sip
Honeyed nectar on the lips of Josephine.

MY ROSALIE.

My Rosalie is fresh and fair—
Has soulful eyes and flossy hair,
With eager and bewitching air—
 Yet Oh! so sweet and kindly!

That as I gaze upon her face—
Her rounded form—her queenly grace—
All former guiding stars give place
 And her I follow blindly.

In dreams I feel her lips press mine,
And quick my self control resign;
While heart to heart we both incline
 In happiness emphatic;

Surrounded by great waves of love,
We bathe in perfume from above—
O'er war tost plain flits peaceful dove
 And life becomes ecstatic.

My Rosalie—surpassing fair—
Who is there may with her compare?
But I must swallow my despair
 And share with all her leaven;

For in the great eternal plan,
She is a seraph sent to man,
To woo th'elect of every clan
 To live with her—IN HEAVEN.

MY MISSISSIPPI ROSE.

I have met a fair beguiler:
Charming Cora is her name;
She's a happy hearted smiler—
And my breast is all aflame.
For she surely is the sweetest,
Freshest flower that Jackson grows:
And the neatest and completest:
This wild Mississippi Rose.

Oh my Mississippi rose!
Reads a doom to worldly woes:
And no matter where I wander,
Or the time and gear I squander,
I grow fonder still and fonder:
Of my Mississippi rose.

Her grey eyes just bite with beauty;
She has cheeks of softest hue;
She has lips that baffle duty;
And a chin that lovers woo.
But her free and frank expression,
Is the source of all my throes:
And I worship in confession:
This wild Mississippi rose.

I'M STARVING FOR A KISS.

I'm starving for a kiss, Dear Heart,
I'm starving for a kiss;
Till absent from the bliss, Dear Heart,
We know not what we miss.

The hours seem years since last we met:
My lips are parched and dry:
I'm overwhelmed lest you'll forget:
And so I needs must sigh.

I'm starving for a kiss, Dear Heart,
The strain of tightening arms—
The thought that in my power, Dear Heart,
Are you and all your charms.
He's not alone who never loved—
But only he is drear,
Who has the pangs of true love proved
And cannot reach his Dear.

I'm starving for a kiss, Dear Heart,
A real true lover's kiss;
A proof that we are one, Dear Heart,
And nothing short of this.
I wander here—I wander there,
Surrounded by a wall:
Through which I may not see or hear
Until you give the call:

The redbirds dart from tree to tree;
The mockingbirds sing gay;
The bluebirds pierce the azure free,
In happiest of play;
But I am held from you away,
And all the world is sad:
Appease my hunger Love I pray—
Call me and make me glad.

PRAYER TO PEGGY'S DOUBLE

I looked in Peggy's eyes to-day,
So large—so deep—so tender,
To see if they had ought to say
That might compel surrender.

I looked—then looked away—I swear,
But could not cease from seeing:
That in their depths—so soft—so fair
There dwelt another Being.

A modest creature smiled therein
Like Peggy yet much sweeter;
And answered unbelieving sin
By proving still completer.

It was in fact sweet Peggy's self
Relieved of all deceiving—
"The nude in art" describes the elf
That challenged my believing.

I looked and as I looked I loved,
For now I knew Peg better,
Her grace was such I quick was moved
To strain a point to get her.

Her burning hair—her crimson cheek—
Her rolling beauteous bosom—
Her shapely limbs in whispers speak
And urge me not to lose 'em.

So here I kneel and plead my faith
Before the outward figure
Which, tho' it seems quite bored to death
I've learned has no such rigor.

Oh, Peggy Darling! May I hope
To win your inmost favor?
For if I may, my broadened scope,
Can never let me waver.

Behold me as I bow to woo
And make my best endeavor;
Then tell me Sweet! Oh tell me, do!
That you'll be *mine—forever*.

LOVE WITH A WILL.

How will our romance be ended you ask?
But I question our right to know;
For the Good Lord fashions alone his task,
And seeks for no help from below.

On the aimless field he forces the seed,
Which He nurtures with rain and shine;
And it brings forth wheat or it brings forth weed,
In accord with His great design.

In the heart of man He implanteth love,
Where it sleeps to the end of time;
Or when least expected may haply prove
The root of a bud sublime.

And tho' it may suffer—perchance rejoice—
For eternity and a day:
Neither heart nor field has the slightest choice
In the part that it has to play.

Its enough to know that the seed is there;
And that there is no retreat;
Our duty is LOVE with a WILL Ma Chere:
And kiss while the kissing's sweet.

THE MERRY WIDOW.

Oh I know a merry widow and she has me on the go:
Till I cannot even think of her without a happy throe.
With her delicate attentions and her hospitality,
I am caught and held and fettered with no chance of getting
free.

She has eyes that beam right thro' me—she has locks of warm
brown hair
She has cheeks all crimson tinted and a most impulsive air.
When she smiles I feel the sunshine of a Summer afternoon
Added to the mystic incense of a mellow harvest moon.

I'm her willing slave, believe me! She's my tyrant I dare own.
For I love this little lady in her weeds of sombre tone;
And as I hear her sighing for the pleasures of the past
I grow frantic in an effort renewed pleasures to forecast.

When she tells me of the loved one who has long since passed
away
And pays tribute to the virtues that endeared him in the fray:
I detect myself desiring that she'd give ME half a chance
To assume the place vacated and her life once more enhance.

Yes, I know a merry widow and she has me on the go:
Till I cannot even think of her without a happy throe:
With her delicate attentions and her hospitality
I am caught and held and fettered—and what's more I want
to be.

WHEN I'M SITTING WITH JOSEPHINE.

What matters the weather, or who is in power,
Or what is the time of the day?
Who cares if it thunders, or late is the hour:
When ev'rything's going your way?
If all's topsy-turvy and nothing is right,
The pleasure is even more keen,
And I in my glory laugh loud at such plight:
When I'm sitting with Josephine.

For she is my Empress—my Charmer—my love,
And I, like Napoleon of old,
(Who, too, had a Josephine dowered from above.)
Am glad that my fate's so controlled.
Her soul-firing glances ennoble me quite—
I tingle with bliss at her smile;
She rouses my passion till dragons I'd fight
That I might her highness beguile.

She, too, is my darling, and, as by her side,
I gaze on her features so fair;
And fondle her fingers with true lovers pride
And stroke down her beautiful hair,
I wonder was ever a mortal more blest
Than I, as I worship my queen:
Her arms round about me—my head on her breast—
When I'm sitting with Josephine.

TWO LOVELY BROWN EYES.

Two lovely brown eyes keep chasing me around;
They hide cerulean skies and quite conceal the ground:
I gaze from East to West—I look from left to right:
But spite of each new test those orbs fill ev'ry sight.

Two lovely brown eyes with tender tinge and true,
All wand'ring thought defies no matter who may woo;
With patient, gentle grace they lead me where they will;
And ever face to face I feel them watching still.

Two tovely brown eyes—I sense them in the dark;
In dreams I realize they are the central mark;
They grip me by the heart and all I do is theirs:
From them I dare not part—I say them in my prayers.

Two lovely brown eyes, upbraiding when I roam,
Recall me with a fond surprise to my real home:
When sorrow dims my day or worry mars my night,
Those beacons ever point the way and keep me right.

Two lovely brown eyes in which myself I see
Help mourn my alien ties and comfort me;
The past we may not change—the future yet is ours:
My guides divine arrange to forge new powers.

So thro the coming years with such unfailling aid,
I front presuming fears alert and unafraid;
The World—the World is mine! I needs must win the prize—
For day and night they shine—those two lovely brown eyes.

APPLIED THEOSOPHY.

Do you love me, darling Lucy?
Have I reached the hard sought height?
Is the struggle of the ages at an end?
Am I now become Mahatma?
Have we reached Nirvana bright?
Will invoking Karma's Law Life's strife suspend?

I have felt since first I saw you,
That an undercurrent strong
Was impelling me to seize you as my own;
That despite our recent meeting
I had known my Lucy long:
And through many incarnations love had grown.

Dare you blame me then, my Lucy,
In the light of such a love,
That I thrust aside relations later made?
Can you wonder that I hold you,
In a sphere that's far above
Any temporary passions that degrade?

Tell me oh my long loved Lucy!
Tell me has my Ego won?
Or must striving for perfection still consume?
Must this meeting be but parting—
Yet upset what late I've done?
Must I struggle on through aeons to my doom?

Do you love me, Darling Lucy?
Have I reached the hard sought height?
Is the struggle of the ages at an end?
Am I now become Mahatma?
Are we in Nirvana bright?
Can the law of Karma now "our bliss" defend?

MARIE O'DELL.

There's a lady I approve—Marie O'Dell;
Who she is, or why, or how I will not tell;
 But believe me, she's a dear,
 With a face so bright and clear;
That I worship and revere—Marie O'Dell.

In her cheeks the roses bloom—Marie O'Dell;
O'er her bosom gales of perfume ebb and swell:
 Lips that tempt one hit or miss,
 To implant on them a kiss,
Lure me into realms of bliss—Marie O'Dell.

She has eyes that pierce me through—Marie O'Dell:
And they know when one's untrue and know full well;
 But whenever one's sincere,
 They reward with smile or tear,
Till one learns his way to steer—Marie O'Dell.

With her hands my wants are filled—Marie O'Dell.
While my pains and aches are stilled as near they dwell;
 And I stop and hark and stare,
 As I stroke her auburn hair:
Then think none with her compare—Marie O'Dell.

There's a sweetheart that I love—Marie O'Dell;
Can you wonder why of her I'm loath to tell?
 Oh, her loss would me appal;
 For on this terrestrial ball
She's the dearest girl of all—Marie O'Dell.

MILADY OF BEAUTIFUL SMILES.

There's a face that is hauntingly close up to mine,
 Milady of Beautiful Smiles;
In daylight or darkness I still see it shine,
 Milady of Beautiful Smiles.
There's a fair one behind it with eyes gleaming bright,
Whose chin has a dimple that captures me quite,
Whose lips are the gateway to Love and Delight:
 Milady of Beautiful Smiles.

There's a form like a garden of fragrance and bloom:
 Milady of Beautiful Smiles;
That though we're divided I sense its perfume,
 Milady of Beautiful Smiles.
Its bosom like pillows invites me to rest
And rock on its breathings with rapturous zest,
To be its protector as well as its guest:
 Milady of Beautiful Smiles.

There's a heart that I know of is throbbing for me,
 Milady of Beautiful Smiles;
I feel its pulsations though sep'rate we be,
 Milady of Beautiful Smiles.
There's a soul that is praying that I will be true—
And oh how I join it—God's treasures to woo—
That I may enlavisn them all upon you,
 Milady of Beautiful Smiles.

THE GENTLEST FAIR.

Oh Rosalie! Dear smiling One!
With eyes of fire: and soul of fun:
Yours is the art that holds men true;
You are the prize for which all sue.

Rare Rosalie! the gentlest Fair,
That e'er with angel might compare!
Away from you what sheen could lure?
In your soft arms Heaven is secure.

So Rosalie! Most charming Sweet!
Behold, a suppliant at your feet,
I beg—nor chide my hope of bliss
That you will knight me with a kiss.

And Rosalie—my chosen love—
If you'd the happiest woman prove:
Then yield your charms—your smiles—your art—
And let me fold them to my heart.

LOVE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Now Darling, if the door is locked,
And all the shades are down,
Come let me fold you to my heart
And chase away that frown;
Why should we worry what they say—
We love each other true—
If I am yours and you are mine
What is there, Dear, to rue?

There kiss me Honey Lips—once more—
Excuse my wand'ring hands,
They simply are beyond control
And seek forbidden lands.
Another kiss! Oh dear, that's sweet!
But hush! I hear a noise;
Is that some passer on the street?
Or is it snooping boys?

I guess it's naught. Come to my arms
And let me draw you tight;
Oh what a boon to know such charms
Are made for my delight.
I thrill from head to foot my Dear—
Hist! Isn't that the stairs?
Hold still! and see whose coming down
To mix in our affairs.

Again Thank God we're all alone;
Now kiss me long my Dear:
Oh how I wish we two were one
Nor need detection fear:
See, how these little tempests swell—
So soft, so smooth, so fine—
But look! a light! Make Haste: "Oh H-ll"
"It's just the electric sign."

AT A WOMAN'S FEET.

Now that the ladies' furbelows have gotten up so high,
It obligates some poets in a way they cant deny;
A million beauties former bards were not allowed to see,
Now strain our minstrel ecstasies and test true chivalry.

The only trouble with the task that makes it somewhat tame,
Is that when these new beauties call, it's wrong to "call" their
name.

We can of course say "limbs" for short, and that is some relief,
To help describe the glorious sights that deaden manly grief.

While not amiss to speak of cow, yet it would make one laugh,
It's just on state occasions that we dare to mention "calf."
And so while fiery Pegasus is champing at the bit,
I'll try to do the best I can to make my language fit.

For swelling pillars that arise from ankles neat and clean—
Some decked in white and some in black and some in brighter
sheen,
Inspire the muses all to sing in chorus loud and long;
And when they're thru they come anew to sing still louder
song.

Large stately dames with modest claims encase their charms in
leather,
And where the boot and stocking meet the skirt meets there
together.
But smaller dears lose prudish fears, nor would their beauties
martyr—
Till forth they shine—with limbs divine—from patent pump to
garter.

Some taper up, some taper down, some have a sort of curve,
That wanders in or wanders out just as it has the nerve.
In dainty covering of silk, of peakaboo design,
We strain our eyes on what's beneath, in hopes to get a line.

The twinkling movements as they pass, then cross and pass
again,
Have caught and held and hypnotized the very best of men.
Imagination views the scene and wonders at each grace—
Then flits—and flits—and flits—and flits; nor can't be held in
place.

The girls no longer need a bard their pretty parts to praise,
For any man with half an eye has naught to do but gaze.
The one thing now the world requires and which all poets
beg—
Is that it will grow popular to call a limb a—spade.

DON JUAN IN THE CONFESSIONAL.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.)

Heaven forgive me Father, but I am a polygamist.

By the law of the land I should be ashamed to say it but I love more than one woman;

Yes I love many; white, black, red, brown, yellow, it matters not.

In fact there is no woman living that I do not to some extent love.

How may I purge myself of this terrible ailment?

Is there penance, anathema, treatment, drug, pill, drink, bath, ministrations or exile that will take away the taint and do it without me knowing about its being done—For Father it is a dear offense and I might want resolution to abandon it at the last moment.

The crime has grown upon me.

First of all I loved my mother—my angelic mother—just had to love her because she gave me everything I had.

Then I loved the other fellow's mother because he loved her and because she seemed to sympathize with me.

Then I loved my sister. She was the comrade of my boyhood and so gentle a comrade—so hightoned.

Then I loved the other fellow's sister. How I came to do it at first I know not but I gradually awoke to find it luxurious to be near her. She appeared to understand me more than my boy friends and to trust me, when, as a matter of fact, I should not have been trusted.

Then I loved all mothers and all sisters because they were so real, so self-sacrificing, so sweet, so lovable—But I loved some more than others.

Yes some few of them seemed to love me in return and their eyes told me about it—their eyes and their lips and their hands.

How was I to resist this ecstasy?

Was I to frown and scowl and rebuff them?

Perhaps so but I could not. No, I regret to say, I had to offer love for love.

I had to gaze in admiration. I had to tell them they were lovely, which was the truth, and at last I had to fondle them as a husband fondles his wife.

My early training must have been all wrong for it looked to me as though most women were beautiful—Yes, it mattered not what was their color, their age, their education, their shape. There was something in mere woman that compelled my adoration.

Perhaps one was soft and gentle and her gentleness hid what others called failings.

Perhaps another was refined and intelligent and her intuition seemed divine.

This one had bright, roguish peace-stealing eyes—that one had a warm crown of the most captivating hair.

The dainty teeth, the luscious lips, the aromatic breath of another won me in spite of myself.

Freshness, timidness, gracefulness, credulity, sympathy, motherliness are all to blame—they have seduced me, time after time, till now I plead guilty, most guilty, Oh Father, and can summon up no extenuating circumstances.

The daintiness of the Geisha girl, the voluptuousness of the Eastern houri, the silentness of the Indian maid, the worshipfulness of the negress—each attract me and I see in them all the glorious working of a great maternal principle and the subservience to that still diviner law of nature, the law of natural selection.

Of course I recognize that no other man could ever have felt
as I do.

The fatal attraction to the sex is surely unique in me.

It must be so in Western countries at least, for polygamy—
a man-made law is punished by the statutes.

But rather than be a hypocrite any longer Father I confess.

I own up that I am a lover, free and untrammelled, of all
feminine loveliness whatsoever, whensoever and whereso-
ever it is to be found.

Yes, I am a polygamist—I cannot possibly be wholly true to
any one woman—*because I love them all.*

THE GIRLS.

Posthumous Poem by Edgar Allen Poe.

It was in Atlantic City
I sat reading near the sea,
On a bench beside the boardwalk
With my Poe upon my knee.
With the giddy crowd around me
And a summer sun on high,
Drowsy with the heat of noonday
And the glamor of the sky;

When behold! I was awakened
By a voice that echoed near,
And I caught this wondrous poem
As it floated on my ear:

I.

See the gallants with their girls,
Mermaid girls,
Trying hard to teach the ocean newer twirls,
How they chatter, chatter, chatter,
In the gladsome air of noon,
With a happy kick and clatter
And a blissful dearth of matter
In the words the dear ones spoon,
Making love, love, love,
Like the cooing of a dove,
While the screams of joy enjangle and entangle like the curls
of the girls,
Of the jolly, thoughtless, frolicking, the never ending rollicking
of the girls,
Of the girls, girls, girls, girls,
girls, girls, girls,
Of the absolutely shifting, drifting girls.

II.

See the swelling sphynxlike girls,
Siren girls,
What a bolt of worriment their choice of glances hurls
On the peaceful summer air,
At their pick of escorts there
As he holds them by the hands
And is thrilled—
As he dances on the sands,

Hardly knowing what it is his sense commands

Yet so filled

As around about he whirls

That a death shaft is shot at him

As he does her will verbatim

Like other churls

How his very life blood tingles

As among the crowd he mingles—

All in vain the cooling breeze,

Or the splashing of the seas,

For voluptuous eyes are resting,

On his own his virtue testing,

And he drinks,

While he shrinks

From the cup her hands are holding;

'Tis no time for prudish scolding,

All his future is at stake—

'Tis her moment, make or break—

And the flapper void of skirts—

Void of heart like vampire flirts;

And he feels his morals slipping in the swirls

That libidiously purls,

As he dances and he prances with the girls,

With the girls, girls, girls, girls,

girls, girls, girls,

As he loses if she chooses with the girls.

III.

See the girls with radiant beauty,

Angel girls;

How their presence calls to duty

men and churls;

How their modest ways unfold,
 And discover unwashed gold,
 As they breast the breakers bold,
 In their glee;
 How they charm the pure in heart
 As they take their healthful part
 (Void of pose and studied art)
 In the sea;
 These are they who lift the falling,
 Nurse the sick thro throes appalling,
 Hear the voice of duty calling,
 And are there.
 These are they who build the home fire,
 And the schoolroom and the church spire,
 And when weaker ones must retire,
 Do their share.
 See them smile and smile and smile;
 Hear them cheer the sons of toil;
 As they trip along the beach,
 Charming everything in reach,
 Yet repulsing every snare—
 Every stare—
 With a beauty that is fair
 and bright as beryls.
 With their dress so well selected,
 That it does not be inspected
 By the gaze with lust infected.
 For such girls
 Have no vain design on humans
 Nor on squirrels;
 High above them see the pennant that unfurls!

They're the mothers of creation;
They're the standbys of the nation;
They're a hope and not temptation;
They are pearls.

So I look with boundless pleasure at the girls,
Look again nor measure leisure by their whirls,
As they sport in briny ocean,
In the poetry of motion,
Then it is I yield devotion
To the girls, girls, girls, girls,
To the girls, girls, girls, girls,
girls, girls, girls,
To that most delicious creature,
Both in head and heart and feature,
To the dearest thing in nature—
To the girls.

THE LURE OF THE DANCE.

Oh, mother dear, on leaving here
I went with George last night;
And ere my feet had touched the street
His arm to mine clung tight.
He did not talk so very much,
But when we reached the ball
He held me with such haunting clutch
I seemed his all in all.

Chorus:

He looked at me in such a way
I could not think one word to say.
Oh, mother darling, tell me true
Did ever men make eyes at you?

Now in, now out, we danced about,
Nor did George ever tire.
Close to his breast my heart he pressed
Till I was all on fire;
The first pair up, the last pair down,
No other could I see;
And as he whirled me round and round,
He shot soft eyes at me.

Oh, mother dear, I felt so queer,
‘Twas all so strange and new,
And when the music stopped, I swear,
I scarce knew what to do;
George saw me home—and at the door—
I wonder was it wrong?
He kissed me—not like Father does—
But oh, so sweet and long!

TWO BUSY “Bs.”

An ode composed in honor of two humble friends who attended for a time to the author's most personal wants.

How doth two little busy bees
Improve each shining hour,
And make me happy as you please
By fixing up my bower.

Chaste Bertha is one busy bee,
As her initial shows;
While Bridget with her blarney free,
As number two doth pose.

They are the chamber maids, by heck,
That daily make my bed;
And I—well, I'm a rubber-neck—
The drone hereafter said.

They come each morning ere I'm up,
And fit keys in my door;
Till I dream I'm a butter-cup
Upon the meadowed floor.

They buzz and hum about my room,
And sweetness spread around;
And dissipate the darkest gloom
With honeyed drops of sound.

One is the queen—but which I swear
I cannot quite discern;
Yet this I know, one drone is there
Whose weakly wiles both spurn.

Ah, yes, 'tis true! too woeful true!
For I alas am he;
And every time I try to woo
They call me bum (ble) bee.

But, never mind, my day will come—
Though busy bees connive;
Then spite of all their buzz and hum
'Twill be "some lively hive."

ANYWHERE WITH YOU.

Anywhere with you, Dear Heart!
My feet are prone to go,
There is no lure, can long endure,
If you My Love say no;
There is no corner in the world
I would refuse to view:
For anywhere is free from care—
Anywhere with you.

Chorus:

Anywhere with you, Dear Heart
Anywhere with you
Anywhere—yes anywhere—
Anywhere with you.

Anywhere with you, dear heart!
To me means heavenly joy;
The mountain sere, the desert drear,
Is bliss without alloy;
Your presence by my faithful side,
Your eye my pilot true,
Tho' all alone, Love must atone—
Anywhere with you.

Anywhere with you, Dear Heart,
I question not the place,
To mansion bright to slum by night
I go with equal grace;
The light of love within my soul,
Makes ev'ery sky look blue:
So fondly brave I'd gladly slave—
Anywhere with you.

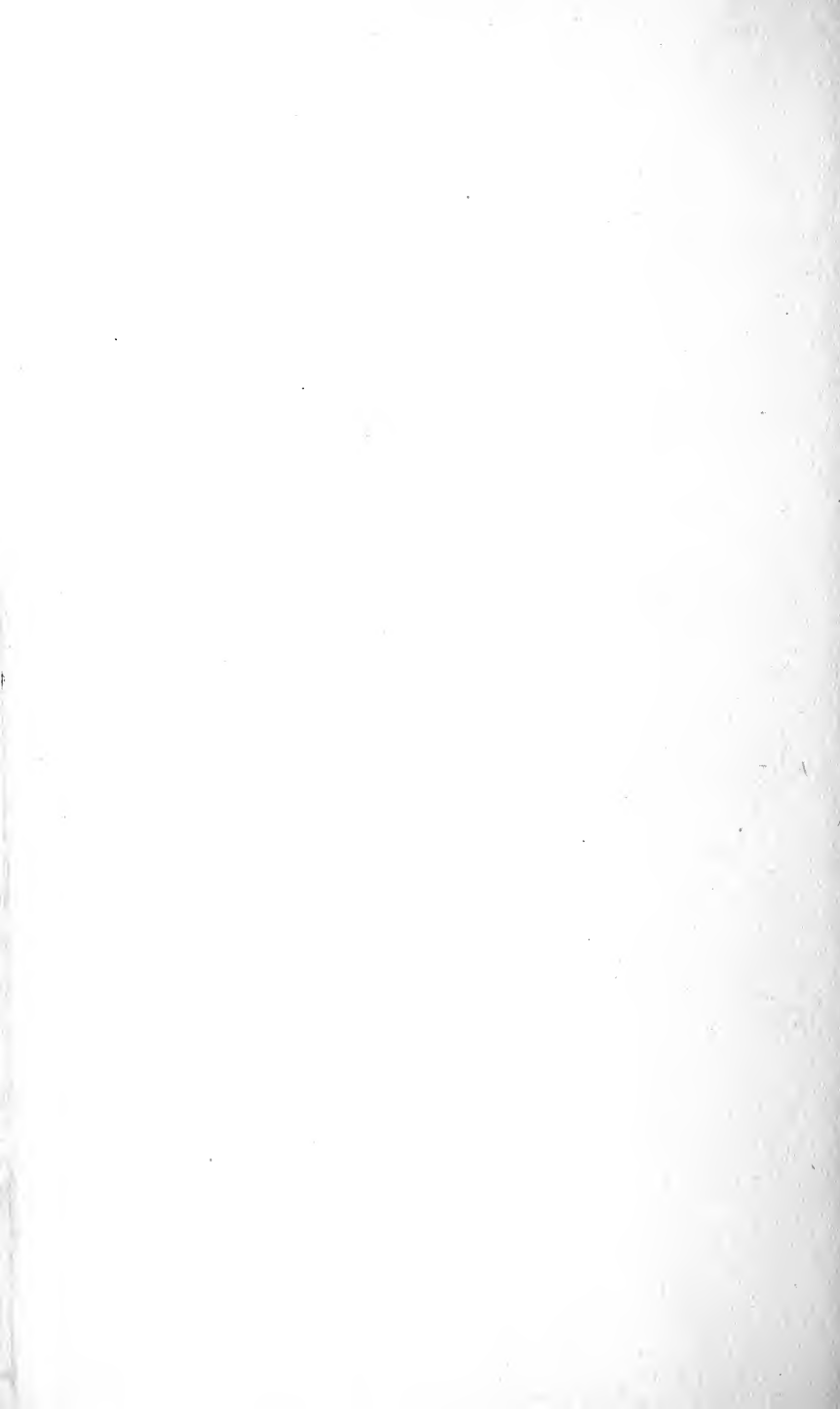
THE MAID OF NEW YORK.

I sing of a maiden whose beauty is rare,
Whose cheeks are like roses and raven her hair;
Whose Cupid bow lips and whose soft dimpled chin,
Have tirelessly urged me their treasures to win.
Entranced by the arches that crown her dear eyes—
By long sweeping lashes that prudence defies—
I bow in confession and thank the great stork
For hazel eyed Marie the maid of New York.

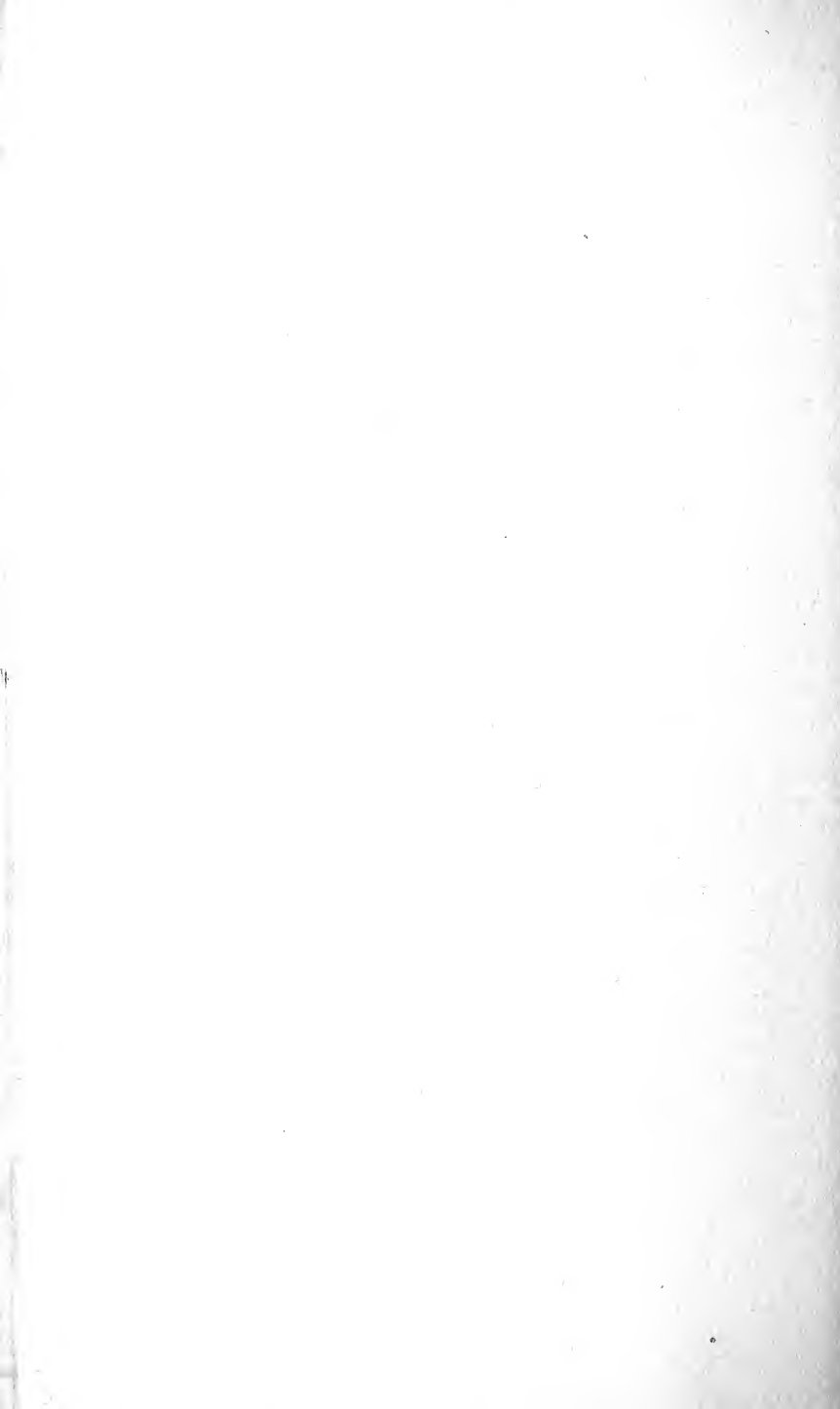
Chorus:

My lovely eyed Marie,
My laughing eyed Marie,
My hazel eyed Marie,
The Maid of New York.

She is but a "chicken" that travels Broadway,
She has not a dime to keep trouble away,
Yet she has attractions that take men by storm,
And render them helpless to resist her charm.
So here I proclaim her the fairest of fair,—
The one in the wide world for whom I could care;
Whose smile makes me chipper and light as a cork—
Sweet hazel eyed Marie, the maid of New York.



LOVE SONGS
WHEN
THE LOVE IS COLD.



THE SLATTERN WOMAN.

(The following verses written by Mr. Herbert Kaufman in Woman's World some years ago contain the text for the tragedies that are described in the several poems in this department.)

I sing me a song of the sloven.
Of the woman who has no pride,
Who does not care
If her raiment bear
A stain or a spot or a snag or a tear;
Nor blush to be caught in the morning glare
With rundown heel and with trowsled hair—
With plenty of time, but with none to spare
For little attentions to keep her fair
In the eyes of the man who found her rare
And wholesome ere
Her charm and freshness died.

She twists her locks in a frowzy knot;
Her dressing gown bears a great grease spot,
The rip in the back of her sacque she's forgot;
There's a stain on her skirt and an ugly hole
In the heel of her stocking, and one in the sole
Of both her slippers, that plainly show
The need of rejection at each worn toe.

There are empty shelves in her lone bookcase:
She makes no effort to keep in pace
As her husband steadily climbs to place,
Nor stirs herself to a single grace:

With never a fear 'gainst the time he'll find
How slothful and narrow and dull's her mind;
No thought gives she to the subtle arts,
That stoke the fires within men's hearts.

She stands stockstill while his world speeds on.
Till at last she is simply a pricking thorn
In his side. All the rose that she was is gone;
By her hands alone are his visions torn—
The softening veils that affection wrought
To keep her the sweetheart and wife that he sought—
Herself she must thank that his dream is wrecked
For men lose love when they lose respect.

I sing me a song of the slattern,
Of the woman who sits alone,
Who had her day and who threw away
Her chances, when beauty and wit could play,
Who lazed and who lounged and who did not stir
A finger to add to the charm of her
Who would nought of lotions and unguents and myrrh—
The story's not new but anew 'twill occur;
As she erred, so will many another fool err.

FAREWELL SWEET KATE,

Sweet Kate is distinguished
(And don't you forget)
As laziest person
The world ever met.

She'd still lie in bed
If her house was on fire
And grouch at the flames
That had kindled her ire.

By idling her time she
Has gathered some fat
And none dare dispute her
Accomplishing that.

But that is the most that
She ever has done,
Except shamming sickness
To all who don't run.

I fain would extol her
Most wonderful cheek;
But lest it might "tire" her
I scarce ever speak.

I only just listen
To songs of reproach,
Because on her leisure
I sometimes encroach,

And dare to insist like
A fond lover will
That if she don't move some
She's bound to get ill.

But ill is no name for
The storm that I raise
And "brute" is return that
I get for my phrase.

For years and for years she's
 Been dying you know
And warned us herself of
 Her proneness to go.

'Till now in our sorrow
 We take up the cross
And by our fore knowledge
 Scarce notice our loss.

She eats like a barrow
 And drinks like a horse
As proof of the "weakness"
 That makes her grow worse.

'Till just drawing breath seems
 So tiresome of late
For relief she'll soon strangle:—
 Then farewell, sweet Kate.

CIRCLES AND CURVES—A Tragedy.

Needles and pins! Needles and pins!
When a man's married his trouble begins—
If by haphazard he drew forth a blank;
If by misfortune he's yoked with a crank.
What does it matter how boundless his hope?
Once in that halter he's held by the rope:
Mountains of misery such a man wins!
Needles and pins! Needles and pins!

Hot water cold! Cold water hot!
Both become lukewarm if mixed in one pot,
All the romance and the glamor and joy,
That he imagined he saw as a boy
Clinging to marriage and nuptial life:
Where has it gone in the maelstrom of strife?
Was it dissolved in this merciless lot?
Hot water cold! Cold water hot!

Pickles and spice! Pickles and spice!
Out of the corral the browsing is choice,
Can it be possible pleasure so near?
Oh for a feel of the glow and the cheer!
Starving for love in a love forlorn jail:
Thirsting for showers beneath pitiless hail:
Has he a right to reach over the ice?
Pickles and spice! Pickles and spice!

Circles and curves! Circles and curves!
Visions of loveliness memory serves.
Without is the HER his heart would suffice—
The bright evening star—the pearl of great price—
Within at his elbow the immortal crank—
Hark to his chains as they rattle and clank.
Zounds! He'll away! as her folly deserves!
He'll off to Milady of Beautiful Curves.

THE MARRIAGE THAT FAILED.

1. *His Indictment against her.*

Of all the causes of domestic strife,
Few are so certain as the lazy wife;
Lolling around all day with weird complaint
Of "weak, tired feeling" or some kindred taint:
Her floors unswept—undusted desk and chair—
The beds unmade and cobwebs in the air—
The clothes unmended—wasting fruit uncanned—
A change in victuals quite forever banned—
Rehearsing to the world from sun to sun
Vain reasons why her tasks are left undone—
The hapless victims of her cheerless home
Bearing her sloth in misery and gloom:
While shirking duties on lugubrious couch
The thriving faker plays her game of grouch.

2. *Her indictment against him.*

Did ever woman have a spouse like mine?
Who sees his wife sink into slow decline,
Yet fails to send her for a change of air—
Or of her ailing takes the slightest care.
Though since our marriage I've been ever ill,
He grumbles when he sees a doctor's bill;
And when I warn him of my nearing death:
He jeers and wonders why I waste my breath.
No spark of kindness can I ever trace
Save when I'm locked in tiresome sex embrace.
Year in—year out—he smiles with brutal zest
Still urging me to work when I need rest,
And while a dying wreck, I listless lie,
Behold a rival wins his fickle eye.

3. *What the world says.*

What could she hope for when she married him?
His choice of her was but a passing whim.
In haste they married to repent at leisure,
All that they sowed they've reaped full measure.
Like cat and dog they snarl their lives away:
But so they promised on their wedding day.
Their children surely is a binding tie.
They've made their bed and in it they must lie.
Their private comfort does not weigh a straw;
The public good demands consent to law.
Though hell on earth be in their warlike home,
Society requires they may not roam.
Let no one counsel that their ways unwind—
'Tis crime to separate whom God hath joined.

4. *As seen in Heaven.*

But did God join them? That's the crucial test:
Upon the answer must their future rest.
Tired of the strain that life had forced on her,
An easy living was the selfish spur
That made her willing to appease his lust—
Her action argued an unfaltering trust.
Thus came fruition of the fatal scheme,
With rude awaking from poetic dream.
Absence of love in every act displayed:
How can such union help but both degrade?
Disgust, contempt, are bred at every turn:
Volcanic torments in their bosoms burn!
It matters nothing what the world may din—
To live together is to live in sin.

WHEN AFFINITIES ARE RIGHT.

If one weds a clod unknowing,
And discovers when too late,
How life's greatest joys are going—
Must he not arrest his fate?

Must he sit and cherish ashes
Of a love mistook for heaven?
Must he bear the cruel lashes
Of a scourge that has no leaven?

Is there no relief from torture
Than which nothing is so keen?
May he not expect to nurture
Hope at least for change of scene?

Marriages are wholly human,
And their failure means their end;
Why should God force man or woman
On defiling way to wend?

Scorn the thought. No God of Mercy
Could ordain so vile a plan;
No mistake should such a curse be
During Life's too little span.

Let the soul that is not mated,
Tear aloof from ties that feign;
And with souls that are related
Soar at last to higher plane.

BEAUTY AND FATE.

Men talk like hypocrites who say
That they can meet their fate but once,
For fate is knocking every day,
And he who hears it not's a dunce.
We all love beauty, for in truth
It is a heaven engendered flower;
And who denies it is uncouth
And loses prestige in that hour.

Beauty and fate are synonyms,
Appearing often in our sight;
Nor may we greet the one with hymns,
And chase the other in affright.
The beauty that we once admired,
We'll still admire till on the scene,
Appears a beauty more desired —
A beauty that has greater sheen.

And when such comes we have no power,
Or e'en with power we have no right,
To set aside the greater flower—
Let lesser star boast brighter light.
For justice claims that truth be told,
And though we're bound by sacred vow,
When higher beauty we behold,
To newer fate we're forced to bow.

So if old beauty would endure,
Nor lose the hold it once has gained,
It must continue to allure,
Nor let its loveliness be stained.
It must replace each fading hue
By some attraction just as strong;—
With gentleness keep lovers true,
With wit help worshippers along.

LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.

But hold! I see ONE standing nigh,
I see—then mark with gathering sigh;
Her biting eyes and begging chin;
Her budding breasts where hopes begin;
Her swelling limbs from ankles neat,
Upholding form where raptures meet:—
Her burning cheeks, her beck'ning hair,
Her luscious lips that whisper fair:
Such impious elfs fast gain control
To rob me of my peace of soul.
What matter vows of ancient make,
When joys instanter are at stake?
Who would not break each hindering bond,
And bow to beauty's magic wand.

SONNETS, EPIGRAMS
AND
MISCELLANEOUS VERSE

B. P. O. E.

To West Palm Beach Lodge of Elks, No. 1352, of which the author is an appreciative member; to New York Lodge No. 1, under whose hospitable roof at least fifty of the poems in this book were composed; and to the Benevolent & Protective Order of Elks throughout America, whose broad, patriotic and tolerant principles must make of it an increasing power in the land, the following verses are respectfully inscribed:—

Best people on the earth are we—
So our initials spell;
But recollect 'twas *earth* we said,
And mark that fact right well.

No claim o'erwhelms on heavenly realms,
Nor yet on hotter place;
A squatter's right to earth's delight
Is all we hope by grace.

The "perfect person" fails to gain
A welcome to our hall;
Nor does our love too much approve
A jail-bird's guilty call.

But we profess good fellowship,
And patriotic vim;
We heed the needy's trembling lip
And foil the tempter grim.

We're just a bunch of average men,
In search of honest bliss;
And not too hard when, off his guard,
Our brother makes a miss.

We are the Elks, and o'er the land
We point with Sinner's pride;
To acts of mercy, kindly planned,
That those we help may hide.

UNIVERSAL HYMN OF PERSONAL THANKSGIVING.

(INSPIRED BY A READING OF WALT WHITMAN)

I thank Thee, God, with all my heart
For Life—that gushing stream
Which, when my parents loved, did start,
And proved their love no dream.

I thank Thee for my childhood years—
With all their baby bliss—
For all the clamor and the tears
That built me up to this.

I thank Thee for the adult form
So perfect, firm, complete,
With every current flowing warm
And generating heat.

I thank Thee for the head divine
Wherein my brain performs,
That helps to guide from shrine to shrine,
And points where beauty charms.

I thank Thee for the loving heart
That throbs within my breast,
And while it does its noble part,
Still longs for other test.

I thank Thee for the willing feet
That carry me to joy,
And when my brain sounds quick retreat
Respond with ardor coy.

I thank Thee for the happy hands
That haste to do my will,
And on no ceremony stands
In struggling for me still.

I thank Thee for contempt of shame
That would arrest my zeal,
When bones and flesh and blood declaim
To tell the way I feel.

I thank Thee for the inner parts
That make my force secure;
The stomach, liver, lungs, whose arts
All other arts insure.

I thank Thee for the senses five
That aid me on my way;
My sight, my hearing ever strive
In leading thro the fray.

My taste protects me in my health
And with my sense of smell
Does more than could uncounted wealth
To keep my body well.

My sense of touch, with sex replete,
Enlists the other four,
When in the course of living sweet
I enter Heaven's door.

So once again I thank Thee, God,
For all I owe to Thee;
And promise, till beneath the sod,
My grateful loyalty.

STOLEN SWEETS.

Ye prudes that stalk strictly the straight, narrow way,
Nor dare to look sideways lest fools call you gay;
With biblical warnings and precepts galore—
Your wings have been clipped ere they learned how to soar.
Had wise Galileo been curbed by his priest,
The sun on its journey would never have ceased.
And had brave Columbus not ventured to roam,
One hemisphere still might be hidden in gloom.
Who follows the law in pursuit of his fun,
Will never gain ecstasy under the sun;
And who wants a rapture half worthy of praise,
Must first give it freedom and scorn trodden ways.
What's stealthily taken is taken with zest:
While sweets that are stolen seem always the best.

SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT.

Out of distance they come
Nor tell us the port of their sailing;
Silent they pass us by
We peer at their lights o'er the railing;
And ere we've learned the port
On which they have fixed their devotion,
Into the mists they creep
And their masts sink into the ocean.

So in the life of man
We're not even sure of a brother;
Out of the past he drifts—
For a time we stand by each other—
But as the days go by
He glides from our side and we wonder;
Where in the world has he gone
And what was it caused us to sunder?

Ships that pass in the night
How tragic? How weird is the passing?
Laden perhaps to the beam
With the gems that we are amassing;
Filled with the light of love
That we oh so sadly are needing!
And yet they pass in the night,
And leave our poor heart to its bleeding.

AN ACROSTIC WRITTEN IN A GIFT BOOK.

(With Advice to a Sunday School pupil.)

Venture not where dangers threaten
If you have a course to keep;
Only fools and madmen fatten,
Looking not before they leap.
Enter keen to every duty
That may come upon your way;
So that men may deem it beauty,
Though 'tis toil that you essay.
Ever scatter words of kindness;
Practice everything you preach;
He who goes through life in blindness,
Ever fails life's goal to reach.
Naked truth, if nobly told,
Stands for more than glittering gold.

Another.

Every act of peace or strife,
Reaches God's Great Book of Life;
Not a deed that you have done,
E'er escapes th' Eternal One:
Some may seem to prosper well
Though they woo the arts of Hell;
In the end, howe'er, they'll find
Nought but shame for worldly blind.
Ernestine, keep this in mind.
Look ahead and do the right—
Ever hopeful—ever bright;
Take no chance if it is wrong—
Then you'll join the heavenly throng.

DEFINITION OF A GENTLEMAN.

(AN ACROSTIC.)

Just what I mean by gentleman, my friend
Each new definer may perchance amend;
Results alone, when all have had their say,
Offers solution of such question grey.
My definition, when the truth is told
Elects a man whose word is good as gold:
Ever desirous to give honor heed;
Willing when called on for his home to bleed.
In every phase of life polite and kind,
Doing his duty with unbiased mind
Each trait, as well as in his handsome face,
Marked in each motion of his manly grace.
And, for example, you will find his signs
Neatly concealed within these telltale lines.

THE CONUNDRUM—A SONNET.

Here, deep imbedded in complacent verse,
Free from too curious gaze or vulgar stare;
Remote from view, and yet with studied care
Arranged that people may sometimes rehearse:
Nor yet sans tremor, lest a thoughtless world
(Capable of nothing but its own sweet way—
Enclouing motives as mere, vain display)
Should soil the pennant that the poet furred.
Concealed (and yet not altogether hid)
Rather subdued for purposes of greater praise—
Are surely found (if one does as one's bid)
Gems that combined suggest idyllic days.
I charge you from each line one letter take,
Next join, then see what gracious queen they make.

FORTIS ET LENIS.

(This sonnet is an acrostic to my son Francis A. Currie, on the Motto of the Currie Coat of Arms.)

Fortis et lenis forever shall be
Rule of my conduct in passing thro' life;
Always preferring kind patience to strife—
Never contending if self's the sole plea.
Casting about me for tasks I may do,
If in the doing the race will be blest,
Seeking no glory that honor would rue;
Asking no crown that might stand for a jest.
Courage and courtesy each is a word
Up on my pennant forever to fly;
Ruling by right as well as the sword—
Reaping respect, tho' in reaping I die.
I have a slogan, the world will decide,
Equal to any e'er used as a guide.

WILL GO MY BOND.

At last I've crossed the Rubicon:
Success is mine for sure:
The past, with all its ups and downs,
Is gone, and I'm secure.
Who cares a fig for petty ills?
Who cares for threats of pain?
What used to give me aches and chills,
Is now beneath disdain.

I have a backer—one who says
He knows that I'm all right:
Who, when I talk, my matter weighs
And thinks it "out of sight."
He says *he will endorse my note*
For figures that would stun:
My words I often hear him quote—
He is my ten-year son.

THE MYSTERY OF SEX.

(A SONNET.)

Sex is a Mystery—its subtle force—
Its vivid touch—keen sense of sight and sound,
Of taste—of smell can students much confound,
And makes us wonder: Is it crown or curse?
Moved by its power we lose our selfcontrol,
Like dough we're kneaded to perform its work;
Ecstatic thrills compel us oft to shirk
The so-called duties of the Christian soul.

But while at times we're weak, we still are strong,
Protecting and conserving what our sex desires
And in its honor we are lured to song,
And praise e'en author of death-dealing fires.
Though vile seduction seems an evil sign;
Yet sacrifice of self proves sex divine.

IN FRIENDSHIP'S NAME.

When in the course of ups and downs galore
That life has ordered in my full career,
I pause to choose the friendly act sincere
That prominently stands all other acts before:

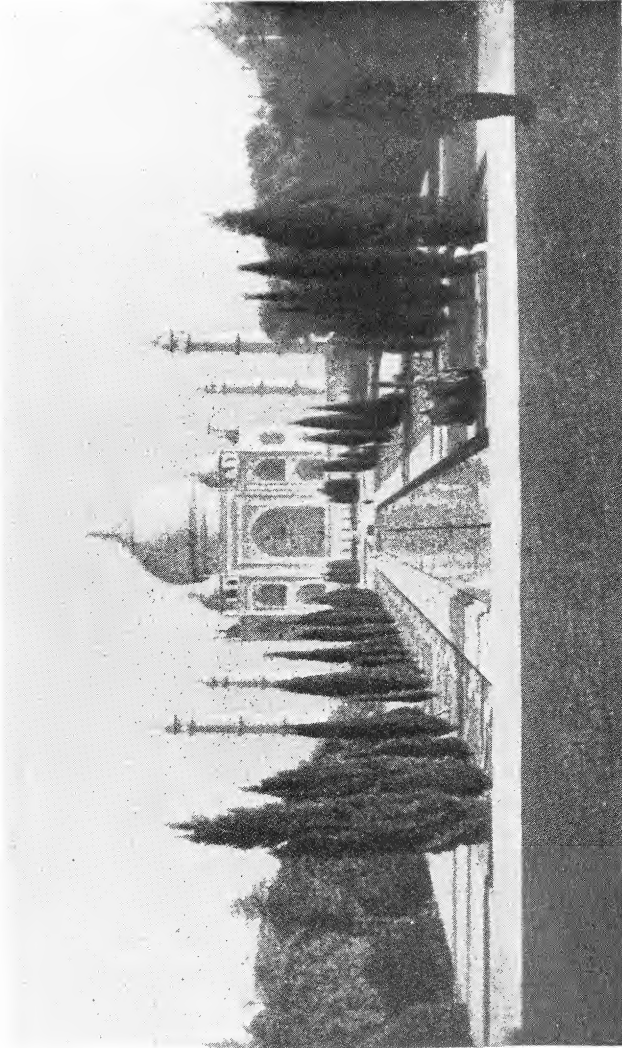
When in review I look upon my past,
With time's perspective winnowing the truth—
Determining with candor up from youth
Who of my friends have all the rest surpassed:

I needs must give to Chillingworth the palm
Since on great service without selfish end
My worldly hopes did for a time depend,
And he alone might furnish saving balm:
When true as steel while storms were raging free
For patient faith I proved my friend "C. C."

THE TAJ MAHAL.

C.C.C. A former law partner knowing my weakness, handed me a picture of "The Taj Mahal" taken from the National Geographic Magazine, with the ejaculation "Currie, don't you think this is worthy of a poem?" The following lines are the result of that random half jocular remark. The picture is presented herewith by Courtesy of Miss Helen Messinger Murdoch F. R. P. S. of Boston, (who has a copyright on the original photograph) to assist the reader in understanding the poem.

Upon far India's coral strand
There stands on eminence apart
A monument to woman grand
And to the depth of lover's heart.



THE TAJ MAHAL

MAUSOLEUM erected at Agra, India, by Shah Jehan to the memory of his favorite wife, the Begum Mumtaz-i-Mahal. This picture is copyrighted by Miss Helen M. Murdoch, F. R. P. S. of Boston, Mass. and kindly released for use herein.

Its sheen like Mona Lisa's smile,
Compels attention come who may;
And perfect art enshrines the pile
Where only worshipers may stay.

Three hundred years of storied time
Since that proud pile of marble grew,
And travelers from every clime
Have gazed in awe, as travelers do,

Yet never has there one dared say,
In shine or dusk or darkling gloom;
Where heathens dance, or Christians pray,
They've seen or heard of nobler tomb.

Its walls of opalescent white;
Its royal snowy Persian dome,
Its minarets like guardians bright;
Bespeak the dead a perfect home.

Within the pile all hushed and still,
Behold two lone sarcophagi!
Awaiting the Eternal Will,—
Unparted tho' the ages fly.

In one—a king in death or life—
The Shah Jehan awaits the call;
While by his side see best loved wife;
The Begum Mumtaz—i—Mahal.

The love that bound them each to each,
When life made love a test of faith,
Still hovers near, supplying speech
To forms now wrapped in voiceless death,

Through rocky traceries the light
Subdued, sheds gentle rays around;
And in the vagueness of the sight
We seem to stand on hallowed ground.

Surrounding bowers, whose design
Consummate skill has made replete
With trees and flowers that are divine,
Suppress the jars of jostling feet.

The distant gate where watchman plods,
Has graved in everlasting stone;
"Beware! the gardens of the gods
Are for the pure in heart alone."

The pure in heart! Oh could we know
To whom that epithet applies?
For here Mahomet's followers show
Love like the sword can ope the skies.

And yet the world with bigot's brand
On modes of thought would force its dream;
Condemning as benighted land
A place where art proves LOVE supreme.

Enough! Let hatred's votaries prey
Without until the world be done:
Sleep on! Great Lovers! and for aye
Enjoy the peace thy love has won.

CASTING A WORTHY DIE.

Alas, to Custom is the whole world slave—
All save the child who has not learned to cower;
And when he ventures thus to “misbehave,”
Society combines with Custom in such hour.

'Tis true some people sadly overdo,
If once against set rule they have rebelled;
And in the devious course they then pursue,
Far greater troubles than they fought compelled.

Alas 't is possible to dissipate
The very pleasure that one hopes to glean;
By too profuse a use of freedom's state—
By plunging from cold monk to libertine.

But if we follow what schooled heart dictates
Regardless of the world's loud hue and cry;
We win a victory against the fates,
That in the winning casts a worthy die.

IN MEMORIAM—ALICE M. MCGINLEY.

In the early evening watches of her life's eventful day,
Gentle Alice heard the summons and has passed from usaway;
While we yet believed her with us and our troubles in her
care.

While our life was worth the living since its pleasures she
might share

Lo the Angel came and took her, while her loss we all deplore,
Thro' the mists of Shadow River to the silent further shore.

Never more will we be heartened with her happy cheerful
smile;

Never more our grievous burden will she lighten by her wile;
Her impulsive, generous actions—her endeavor to defend—
Her desires to do her duty are forever at an end;

We are left alone and dreary while our breasts with sorrow
throb,

As we chide the daring Angel who could choose our light
to rob.

Yes, she's gone—our kindly Alice—gone across the Great
Divide;

But in faith we see her beck'ning from the radiant other side
She is smiling as she used to—just as cordial as of yore,
And is calling us to service in each daily little chore,
With her eyes still sparkling brightly—glist'ning p'raps with
joyful tear

She exhorts us to be loving! Can you not her message hear?

Why then should we mourn her passing? Let us keep her
 mem'ry green;
Let us make her happy yonder by a life that's pure and clean:
Such a woman is immortal, tho' the rest of us may die,
For her good deeds cannot perish but must live in every sigh:
While the friends who rise to meet her on that surely coming
 flight
May expect her eager handclasp as a part of Heaven's delight.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Drunk with desire, her eager lips I suck,
 And strain to mine each passion laden breast—
When lo! strong habit foils again fool luck:
 And bliss escapes me that is mine confessed.

Thus conscience ever interrupts the quest,
 Of treasures fragrant with free life perfume;
Heroes must first of all with *self* contest,
 To win fair blossoms that for brave men bloom.

WHEN HEARTS ARE TRUMP.

Tho' scheming brains relieve ones pains,
 When business cares our shoulders thump;
It's not the same when Love's the game
 For hearts, not diamonds then are trump.

A RULE FOR EPIGRAMS.

When epigrams are written so,
 That grossness seems the poet's foe,
The nearer danger comes the hit,
 The more accepted is the wit.

THE GAME OF LIFE.

All life is a gamble; we shuffle the cards
Or mix up the dice for a throw;
And then from each deal take our ills or rewards
And count out our joys or our woe.

We start out at dawn, peradventure in health,
With years of bright future in store;
Ere Sundown, in spite of our much proffered wealth,
Our health and our wealth are no more.

We laugh at misfortune because "we're prepared",
And loudly our virtues recite:
Till Lo, in the sunshine so long we have shared
We're palled by the gloomiest night!

We sigh in our madness that death should be kind
And give us surcease from our grief;
When out of the storm cloud, while livid streaks blind,
We wonder what brought us relief.

We bet on the weather when planting our crop—
And give heavy odds, sometimes, too;
It's for stakes that we worry in office or shop;
And may not be paid, tho' we do.

A turn of the wheel and we watch it revolve—
Unknowing and helpless our glance:
We fear for the fate of each highborn resolve,
And ever must wait upon chance.

So let us remember when indigence pleads
And pain flaunts its wounds in our eye:
We'd better be helpful since similar needs
May someday condemn us to die.

THE SCIENCE OF POETRY.

(After reading Hudson Maxim's voluminous work entitled, "The Science of Poetry". Mr. M. was at one time a manufacturer of guns and war machinery.)

"And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
Thou found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!"

So Goldsmith sang thee, and I sing thee too,
I now know surely what once made him blue;
Behold! Great Maxim, who is some big gun,
Comes with commotion on the deadly run;
From out his armory takes weapon long;
Girds him for battle, and with home made song;
Enters the lists against the lovely nine;
Faces the muses man had thought divine;
And with fell swoop of 'Potentry' and such,
Uses a poison that would shock the Dutch;
Slaughters the ladies with experience deft,
Scatters their dimpled persons right and left;

Then with sharp logic (void of sense or flaw)
 Conforms thy wonders to one common law.
 A law established that may not expand—
 Tho' great Apollo should make gallant stand;
 And he who soars beyond its tardy ken
 Becomes a fakir, faking honest men.
 Alas, My Queen, to see thee thus deflowered,
 Thy fancy pinioned, and thy wit o'er powered;
 Gives me my finish like it gives to thee:
 (Let's drown our sorrows in some nice weak tea)
 And since thou'rt dead, 'tis meet that all should sing
 Thy murderer's success—Great Maxim King.

BURNS—A SONNET.

Immortal peasant! Nature's truest son!
 Voicing the calls of honest lowly life;
 Skirting on edge the maelstrom of strife;
 Yet baffling poverty with honors won.
 Dear Rob Mossgiel, whose roving, laughing eye,
 Sorted the flowers about him in the field;
 Ready real homage that was due to yield—
 Or with the rose that hid a thorn to sigh.
 Compelled to worship beauty wheree'er seen;
 To love his kind and help increase its joy;
 His poems are jewels with no base alloy,
 And fills humanity with ardor keen;
 Tho' Scotland claims him and his glorious song,
 His heartthrobs unconfined to *all* belong.

RE-SHUFFLE THE CARDS.

When you have more troubles than rightly your share,
And every new deal your advancement retards:
Take candid advice from an old-fashioned player:
Just hold up the game and re-shuffle your cards.

SAY IT WITH FLOWERS.

If within the world arena he has won a hero's fame;
If his efforts have been worthy and enlaureled is his name;
And you're proud indeed to know him and you want to tell
him so,
But you cannot find a sentence that will half express your
throe:

Tell him with flowers—upstanding flowers;
With true, unsullied, fragrant flowers;
These tell a tale beyond your powers—
Tell him with Flowers—with fresh, sweet flowers.

If while ev'ry other creature that surrounds you in the strife,
Has exposed a streak of yellow she has made you glad of life;
If her gentle ministration—if her noble sacrifice—
Has made eloquence seem paltry and no words you know
suffice:

Tell her with flowers—with tender flowers;
With passionately glowing flowers;
These tell a tale beyond your powers—
Tell her with flowers—with fresh, sweet flowers.

If their way till now so pleasant has been darkened by a
death
And the clouds with distant rumble put to rout their former
faith;
If the passing of a loved one has made life a prospect drear,
And you want their load to lighten with a message that will
cheer:

Tell them with flowers—with glistening flowers—
With lovely, sympathetic flowers;
These tell a tale beyond your powers—
Tell them with flowers—with fresh, sweet, flowers.

In the Wisdom of His Mercy the Great Power that dwells
on high;
Knows the limit of our weakness and takes pity from the sky;
And for aid to us in craving to portray our happiest hope,
He bestows on us the flowers that enlarge our spirit scope.

And since His Flowers—inspiring flowers—
Speak with such superhuman powers,
All that we'd say in earnest hours,
Say it with flowers—with fresh, sweet, flowers.

'TIS TRUE, 'TIS PITY, AND PITY 'TIS, 'TIS TRUE

While woman self sufficient is,
And needs no man about her;
Yet man, poor fool! Is woman's tool—
For life's not life without her.

TRIBUTE TO A HAPPY HOME.

I've just returned from "Valley View,"
Where lives my old friend John McHugh.
Upon a hill near Hudson's stream
It looks like castles of a dream;
And stands neath oaks by time subdued—
The noblest home in Englewood.

But while its outward view is grand,
For pure delight within is planned;
With furnishings that prove the taste
Of those whose fortunes it has graced.
Till as its happy guest I sing,
And praises for the inmates bring.

Yet homes where wealth alone's displayed
Fall short when balances are weighed;
And so I glad this chance embrace
A wreath on cordial charms to place;
And yield the homage that is due
To hospitality so true.

The gentle wife, the daughter sweet,
The loving atmosphere complete,
The book shelf filled with poet's lore,
The mantel decked with travel's store,
These all their gracious aids extend
To star the fireside of my friend.

FATHER KNICKERBOCKER ON CHICKENS.

There are chicks and there are chickens
In this wondrous World of ours;
And it worries like the Dickens
To define their varied powers.

There are chickens in the barnyard,
There are chickens on the Street,
There are chickens that we flatter,
While again there's some we eat.

We can tell some by their cackle
As they tell us "that it's laid,"
While some others that we tackle
Would by that be quite dismayed.

There are chickens in tall timber,
There are chickens in a crate,
There are chickens that are limber,
And there's some are out of date.

Scratching hard to make a living,
Funneling their necks to drink;
Jealous oft and unforgiving,—
Chickens thus urge men to think.

There are chickens who use feathers
On their head to stun some male,
While again there are some others
Who wear feathers in their tail.

Fluffy biddies soft and clinging;
Frying size a-chirping loud;
Chicks whose necks are ripe for wringing,—
Warming nest eggs with the crowd.

Some go off each morn for pickings
That are far away produced,
While some don't—Yet here is hoping
That they all get home to roost.

Scheming hawks play hook with chickens
On both field and thoroughfare,
So when danger round them thickens
May the old hen's wing be near.

Pompous roosters strut about them
In the coop—on promenade;
And few chickens seem to doubt them
Tho' perhaps they'd ought, Egad!

But the chicks New Yorkers sigh for,
Be they bad, mad, sad or gay—
That they cry for—yea e'en die for:
Are the Chickens on Broadway.

THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.

Our bodies are but engines on the railroad system Life;
Their pleasures are the downward grades, the up grades are
the strife.

We start from "Cradle" round house where many side tracks
meet,
And when we've reached "Grave" station our last trip is
complete.

Before we leave our starting point, we have to get in trim,
And fill our tank and tender with the substance that makes
steam.

We've got to test the air pump and prove the brakes are right;
We've got to oil the working parts and keep the bolts in sight.

This process takes up lots of time and ere we are aware,
Our train is ready waiting with its load of hope and care.

At last we get our orders and are switched out on the line,
We whistle our departure while our new brass trimmings shine

We tear along the road like mad, our train as yet is light,
Our fires are clean our glasses full, and all our flues are tight.

We stop at every station and we hiss and ring and shriek;
Our power is so convincing that there's none dare call us weak.

When e'er the road is muddy or we freeze up where we stand,
We laugh defiance at the hap and straightway use our sand.

We grip the rail and off we go along our destined way,
So heedless of our course in youth we care not what they say.

And so we wander to and fro among a net of roads;
Here taking coal and water or there exchanging loads.

Until perhaps a box runs hot, a nut works out of place,
And an averted accident brings danger face to face.

Perhaps we stall upon a hill and have to double home,
Perhaps the water has been bad and starts to fizz and foam.

Perhaps a clinker in the grate has caused a dirty fire,
Perhaps a twist upon the road has loosed a driving tire.

We do not steam as late we did—we cannot make the time—
And so we're "shopped" where for awhile we expiate our
 crime.

When next we take our burden up we're careful how we go,
We cut and run for water tanks more than we used to do.

We scan the coal and keep it clear of dust and snow and
 slack;

We keep our lights all trimmed and bright both at the front
 and back.

We look for signals everywhere, we never trust to chance,
If steam obstructs our vision we reverse and "let her dance".
We keep the boilers well washed out; the big ends nice and
 cool,

We follow our instructions and refuse to break a rule.

For we can see on every side results of such neglect,
The ditches tell us many a tale of engines that were wrecked.

Scrap heaps at every terminal rebuke a careless hand,
Life's track is strewn with many a hint and object lesson
grand.

But spite of every warning there are men who fail to learn,
That orders must be followed—that boilers sometimes burn.

That switches are not always set—that sidings get too full—
That brakemen do not always keep their lights up to the rule.

And so when least expected they meet their Waterloo—
Another engine dashes in and telescopes them through.

And then upon the carpet they hear their record read—
Of many drawbars broken—of many victims dead—

Of many drivers skidded of crown sheets scorched and burned
And they're discharged or else reduced or off the mainline
turned.

Thus, as through life we roll along, the end comes soon or
late,

Upon the rail in active work perhaps we meet our fate.

Or else with many redflags passed and many round trips won,
Our creaking frame collapses in the yard when work is done.

But whether on the gleaming rail we heave and crash and die,
Or in the roundhouse meet our end with rusty cringe and sigh,

We're forced to own regardless of where we'd hoped to sleep
That after all, what's left of us helps fill the same scrap heap.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

(This composition was the result of an afternoon's compulsory confinement of the author to his room away back in the winter of 1888, owing to the woeful prominence of a boil upon his face. The different epitaphs are for different members of the household in which he was residing at the time, and of course, allude to peculiarities for which each was noted.

(Trew the landlord was partially paralyzed but spite of this disadvantage he was earning his living as Librarian in a Public Library.)

McHugh for instance was an amateur hunter besides being more or less irresistible to the members of the lovable sex. He has since been subdued into a dignified New York Bank President. Wright was an accomplished artist, besides being a professor of science and astronomy, at the time.

It is hard to say whether this sample of character reading will be of any interest to people not acquainted with the originals, but the poem is inserted here on account of its containing a record of his own fate,—the author's epitaph in the eyes of many being a very appropriate finale to a book of poetry.

TOMBSTONE No. 1.

Ye gazing multitudes, surround
This garden of the dead;
Stand and revere this spot of ground,
Where tombs of mortals now abound,
Who from base clay have fled.

Beneath these costly sculptured stones,
Which you do here behold,
In silent death are laid the bones
Of all that really now atones
For the once Trew household.

TOMBSTONE No. 2

Here lies in sweetest known repose
The form of Mrs. Trew;
Why death her form so quickly chose
Not e'en a living mortal knows;
They only see and rue.

A wife more true 'twas hard to find,
So patient and so good;
And then as mother, oh so kind,
E'en to a fault she oft was blind,
Such love she bore her brood.

A friend as true she also was,
So tender, patient, wise;
A loss to all she'll be, because
In doing good she did not pause,
Nor one did she despise.

TOMBSTONE No. 3.

Here lies his mould'ring spouse beside,
A husband, wise and good:
On earth, though few've been harder tried,
He kept the faith until he died,
In philosophic mood.

But spite of trials hard and great,
With jokes he did abound;
And with a countenance sedate,
Would oft some funny tale relate,
To spread the laugh around.

With manner firm, and wise advice,
And ever ready plan,
Within the home Trew was the spice—
His worth was far above a price—
He was indeed a man.

TOMBSTONE No. 4

Poor Harry 'neath this little mound
Is laid away to rest;
Four feet or more of cheerless ground
Now rises o'er his breast.

Had he but lived, a future age
Might have revered his name;
But youth "repressed his noble rage"
And barred the gates to fame .

An honest, thoughtful boy he was,
A filial, duteous son;
We miss his earnest face, because
Our hearts he early won.

TOMBSTONE No. 5

Here Wilfred lies, some say brought low
By making queer suggestions;
But others think, who ought to know,
He died from asking questions.

TOMBSTONE No. 6

Ye fitful shadows, cease to play
On this fast mould'ring human clay,
'Twould suit you more to kneel and pray,
Than that ye do.

And you, vain, heedless mortals, stand!
With awestruck face, view here the hand
That could with ghastly features brand
Poor Jack McHugh.

He cared not when alive and well
How many de (a) ers his victims fell;
His voice too often was a knell
Sweet h(e)arts might rue.

And yet his fellows found him brave;
His friendship many men did crave,
But now, alas, within this grave,
Lies Jack McHugh.

TOMBSTONE No. 7

Ye stricken creatures, cease your wailing,
While I to others am detailing,
How Death found out poor Burton's failing,
And used it sore.

To concert halls he went so often,
A program e'en his brain would soften;
So Death pinned one inside a coffin,
And raised the door.

And as poor Burton that way passed,
Upon that bill one look he cast,
But little thought it was his last,
As near he drew.

Inside the box he quickly stepped,
When down the lid behind him crept,
And soon in Death's cold arms he slept,
While all must rue.

TOMBSTONE No. 8

Below in crisp and cheerless garb,
Poor Wright in silence lies;
While o'er him grows an uncalled herb
In hopes its name will rise.

Around his grave with doleful look,
Are pebbles, rocks and stones;
Collected there since life forsook
His fast decaying bones.

And well they may there sorrow show,
For did he not, while well,
With learned look and conscious glow,
Their names and species tell?

How great, ye flowers and trees around.
Must be your grief this day;
'Twas he who did, with skillful art,
Your very life portray.

And you, ye stars, in pity weep,
For this your comrade dead;
Who now will tell, profound and deep,
The way your course is sped?

And last of all, ye human race,
With noiseless step drawn nigh;
When Death such learnedness can face,
You sure have cause to sigh!

TOMBSTONE No. 9

This stone was erected
To recall that great person,
Who was known to this world,
By the name of McPherson.

His holy demeanor—
Personified truth—
Has been used ever since
As a guidance for youth.

How his wondrous career
On this earth was begun
Is a myst'ry to most,
And remembered by none.

But more wondrous his ending,
If history's true;
For in broadest daylight,
He just faded from view.

TOMBSTONE No. 10

And now to Cosgrove's tomb we come;
We gaze, but sorrow keeps us dumb:
For it was he, our learned parson,
Who taught us to translate Upharsin;
Who oft explained the gospel story,
By parable or allegory;
And who in feeling tones did often
Tell us how best to cheat the coffin.
But here, alas!—his latest sermon—
He lies the feast of hungry vermin.
Think of the truths he once could teach,
Whose lifeless bones thus loudly preach.

TOMBSTONE No. 11

Come here, aspiring youth, and learn
What weapon Death will use,
When he thinks fit to overturn
A follower of the Muse.
Poor rhyming Currie chanced to cross
His pathway cold and bleak;
He straightway aimed, and felled him with
A boil upon his cheek.

WASHINGTON BY MEGAPHONE.

or

THE SONG OF THE RUBBER NECK GUIDE.

At last America has arrived!

After more than four centuries of Travail, of Discovery, of Conquest, of Development.

Here she is in her maturity, and Washington is her accredited representative.

Think of the frail Caravels of Columbus venturing on strange seas to find a more direct route to India, and the great ships that now cross the Atlantic.

Think of the horses with which DeSoto awed the aborigines, and then look at the Union Station and the great system of transportation that branch out from it to the uttermost ends of the continent.

But even the iron steeds that made the railroads possible, are back numbers. Think also of the great Dirigible gas bags—the miraculous aeroplanes—the submarines with their deadly message in war, and these, all of these so far as America is concerned are controlled from the great Buildings that I'm going to show you today.

Behold Union Station with its great concourse where an army of five thousand soldiers might be covered. This is the very latest in World Railroad Stations, and in front of it! How appropriate! Stands a memorial in marble to the great Christobel Colon—whose courage and tenacity of purpose made possible the New World—and but for whom in fact none of us would be here.

Behold as we mount the hill that wondrous pile—the most stately, the most notable building in the wide, wide world. That is the Capitol of the United States. See its noble dome with the monument to armed Liberty 300 feet above the Esplanade overlooking the city. The corner stone of this building as you know was laid by General George Washington. It is one of three buildings here—the Capitol, the Courthouse and the Executive Mansion that the Father of his Country helped to build.

The Senate Chamber is here and the House is yonder. In the center is a magnificent rotunda on the walls of which are depicted the great events in the history of the continent.

Between the Senate and the Rotunda is the Supreme court where former president Taft is now holding forth as Chief Justice.

Between the House and the Rotunda is Statuary Hall and the whole building which was finished during the great Civil War cost fifteen million dollars.

In Statuary Hall are marble statues contributed by the various states of their most notable citizens, and while we cannot all be presidents it is still no mean ambition that at some future date our effigies may perhaps be there. (*Applause*)

The Congressional Library stands over there across the Park and with the office buildings of the Senators and Representatives makes Capitol Hill the most unique in the city, and a pace setter for Christendom. The wonderful Court of Neptune group of statuary which you see in front is in itself a monument to Hinton Perry the sculptor.

But here is Pennsylvania Avenue. Starting in front of the Peace Monument and the statue of John Marshall, first Chief Justice of the United States, it stretches clear across the city, and is the main thoroughfare between the Capitol and the White House.

One Hundred and Sixty feet across it is the Parade Ground of America, and in addition to the Inaugural Parade of each succeeding President some of the most thrilling functions in the world are spectacularly exhibited thereon.

The oldest buildings in Washington line the street near the Capitol and on that account were the buildings that gave the great Charles Dickens such a bad impression of Washington, on his visit years ago.

These buildings are now largely occupied by Chinese and are the slummiest quarters of the Capital.

That on the right is "The Capitol" hotel where the North American Indians put up on there various visits to talk to the Great White Father.

There is the birthplace of "Marse Henry" so well known in Kentucky journalism.

There in the National Hotel is where another Kentuckian, Henry Clay, who would 'rather be right than President', passed into the other world.

At the end of that street, called Marshall Place, is Judiciary Square, where you will see the great law court building—the corner stone of which Washington laid and in which Justice Marshall presided.

At one side is Metropolitan Church, famous for its Kelso spire with a world wide reputation, and as the place where one of our Martyred Presidents, William McKinley, used to worship while in Washington.

Now you will notice the buildings are becoming more modern and artistic. That for instance is the Washington business block of Henry Ford and is a monument in itself to perpetuate the inventor of the ubiquitous "tin Lizzie".

Up that street to the left is the site of the old Pennsylvania Railroad Station. It was there that another Martyred President, James A. Garfield got his death wound at the hands of Guiteau.

They are now building a Memorial Hall on the site that will be the largest in the United States, so that conventions of no matter what size can be held at the Capital City.

In the Metropolitan Hotel over there among other famous occupants there was none more noted than the great Hungarian Patriot, Louis Kossuth, who lived in it after his banishment from Hungary.

That is Ninth street—the great white way—the home of the Movie Theatres in Washington. You can see the United States Patent office in the distance—In that office there are more useful ideas registered than in any other patent office in the world, and the individual who leads there is the Great Thomas A. Edison.

That is a monument to General Winfield Scott Hancock the hero of Gettysburg.

And that is a monument to Benjamin Franklin, whose "Poor Richards Almanac" could again be read with salutary effect in these days of profiteers and high cost of living

If you will look to your right you will see Ford's Theater on Tenth street, where Abraham Lincoln was assassinated. He was attending an English play entitled Our American Cousin when in the second Act he was shot by John Wilkes Booth, who in the hubbub that ensued escaped thru what is known as Baptist alley-way to the right.

You see that flag out of the window across the street from the theater? That is where the great emancipator died the next day, and whenever you choose you can go and see the relics therein assembled as the building is now the property of the United States, and is used as a Memorial to the great man who hallowed it by his death.

There to the left is the Central Market—largest in the South.

There is Harvey's famous restaurant where many great men settled world disputes over their wine cups, and the magnificent building close by houses that hive of industry, the Post Office Department of the United States.

Beyond is the Raleigh Hotel, which with "the Willard" are historical on account of the events that have occurred in them or in the buildings that once occupied the site.

Vice-President Johnson who was also in danger of assassination took the oath of office in the Raleigh Hotel upon the death of President Lincoln, and it was from the balcony of the Willard that General Ulysses S. Grant reviewed the Union troops at the close of the Civil War.

Washington has many fine hotels, "The Shoreham," which we are now passing is perhaps the most exclusive. It was built by Levi P. Morton, one time Vice President of the United States, and is called after his birthplace.

"Beautiful Setting" is a distinguishing feature of Washington. You will notice the large number of parks—almost every block there is a "place" or "square" or "circle" and more important still each of them commemorate some eminent person in the country's history.

Notice also that electric cars move from end to end of the city with no unsightly overhead wires.

Washington, you have been told is divided into quarters, N. W. N.E. S.E. and S.W. All the avenues are named for States and the streets are lettered running east and west and numbered from north to south. It is an easy matter to find your way about once you know how.

A congressman who has lived here only twenty years said the other day he had almost learned the system. (Laughter).

We are now at "F" street and that is Woodward and Lothrop's Department Store. This is the shopping district of Washington and no where in the United States are there more beautiful or better dressed women than is to be found in this neighborhood during the afternoon hours.

Now we are getting into the residential district. This is the Avenue of Presidents. On all sides are the homes of congressmen, senators, philanthropists, inventors, engineers, authors, ambassadors, millionaires and other classes peculiar to a nation's Capital.

Over there is the home donated by the people of the United States to the late Admiral Dewey.

Here is the home of the National Geographic Society, on the stoop of which a picture was taken not long ago, in which among other notables, was Peary and Amundson, the discoverers of the North and South Poles.

On one side we pass the British Embassy in which Owen Meredith composed his great poem "Lucile." Not far away is the residence formerly occupied by Edgar Allen Poe. Walt Whitman, while an employee of the Treasury Dept. often walked in this part of Washington and ruminated on the poor wounded Civil War soldiers from whose bedside he had just come.

There is a monument to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

The author of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, Frances Hodgson Burnett, occupied that house, but is not the only woman author hereabouts, for over in Georgetown you can see the home formerly occupied by Mrs. Emma D. C. N. Southworth.

There is the Studio of Francis Millet whose art work was brought to an untimely end by his death when the Titanic sank.

See that beautiful equestrian statue—note how life like the horse stands. That is the monument to General Thomas, the Rock of Chickamauga, and the work which has a world reputation was done by an American sculptor.

We are now in what is called Millionaire's Row. Yonder for instance is a house belonging to a lady whose residence, separate ballroom, garage, and Church she has constructed adjoining each other for her own convenience, and is a saving of steps that only money could buy.

Over there is a tall residence on top of which there is a roof garden with all the modern improvements. They claim that up there no one ever sings that beautiful hymn "How dry I am," because money makes it unnecessary. It is so high up that they have't yet heard that Prohibition is in force. (Laughter.)

There is a monument to Dr. Hahneman, the founder of Homeopathy.

There is a monument to the great Martin Luther.

On all sides are commemorated men whose names are common as the air.

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll the agnostic, once lived there, while a little way off is the former home of Thos. De Witt Talmage, the famous divine.

See that fine bronze statue of Daniel Webster. I told a young lady passenger the other day that monument was 15 feet high, and she interrupted in glad surprise, by saying "I never before knew that Mr. Webster was such a large man." (Laughter).

Each residence hereabouts is or has been the home of some world famous celebrity.

Alexander Graham Bell over whose telephone wires we probably ordered tomorrow's dinner lives there.

There is where Bernstorff, former German Ambassador, got his passports.

That is where Admiral Sampson used to live.

Senator Duncan U. Fletcher of Florida, whose Farm Loan Act has endeared him to the farmers throughout the country lives there.

Hoover of California who told us what to eat during the world war lives there.

Lodge of Massachusetts whose opposition to the League of Nations gave Harding the Presidency lives there.

McAdoo, the enthusiastic hero of Liberty Loan Drive fame lived there while in the Capital.

In that house yonder there is a hotel run by women for women and it is generally conceded to be the only true "No Man's Land." (Laughter).

And now see that modest looking house overlooking Rock Creek. Wait a minute Chauffeur, I want to say something. That is the home of Woodrow Wilson—since he left the White House. The man who was received in Europe as the World's Liberator and who was equally admired by king or peasant, remains in that quiet reserved looking house a most remarkable example it would appear of the vanity of human endeavor. He is an example

of the ingratitude of democracy to a statesman, who more than any statesman that ever lived strove to free the world from war. For months the shutters have been down and as one result of his exertions for us all he has to be lifted into his car when business takes him away from home. It remains to be seen how long it will take America to fully appreciate the nobility of this first all-American citizen who became a recognized world benefactor.

(Silence).

Now let us retrace our steps. Ah that is the house of Senator Penrose, the man who owns half of Philadelphia and has a mortgage on the other half. (Laughter).

There is the home of Uncle Joe Cannon the oldest congressman in Washington. Twenty terms leaves him still hale and hearty.

Here is LaFayette Square. Yonder is a monument to LaFayette himself, while Rochambeau and Baron DeSteuben, two other foreign friends of the Revolution are commemorated in like manner.

And now we are at the front entrance to the White House—surrounded by the Treasury, State, Navy and War Departments.—This is a much larger building than the one of which Washington laid the corner stone. Two additions have been added. On the other side beautiful gardens, immense lawns and well kept arbors connect up with Potomac Park to which we are now going. In there is a monument to General Sherman.

Here are several notable buildings. The headquarters of the National Red Cross Society, the child of Clara Barton, has its home here.

That is the Corcoran Art Gallery.

But this Pan American Union building is especially notable commemorating as it does the great zeal of Andrew Carnegie for universal Peace and the seeds of that peace in this cooperative institution. A visit in the building will well repay any American and make him prouder than ever of his wonderful birthright.

Among other interesting sights therein a topographical exhibition of the Panama Canal with which Roosevelt's name will go down to fame can be seen.

And now we are in full view of the Washington monument. 555 feet in air it stands higher than the dome of the Capitol and as it ought to be is the highest monument erected to an individual in all the world. (Applause).

Now we have a good idea of Potomac park with its grassy slopes stretching for miles along the shores of the Potomac River. At one end is the Capitol, at the other is the gigantic mausoleum of Abraham Lincoln—Behold its massive dignity in the distance. While not so high as the Washington monument it is nevertheless much larger and is surely an appropriate tribute to the great Emancipator. It is to be hoped its presence will ever keep America the land of the free. (Applause).

On either side we are passing Public buildings—the Smithsonian Institute—the Freer Art Gallery—the Old and the New National Museums:

Go thru them at your leisure—It would take a week to do them justice. And when you do:

Don't miss seeing the memorials of the various presidents, by no means least of which are wax models of their wives dressed in the styles of the times in which they lived.

The styles may be a little queer in this day of sensibly abbreviated skirts, but take it from me the women folk have it all over their distinguished relatives so far as good looks are concerned.

Here is one of the places where Uncle Sam makes his money—the Bureau of Printing and Engraving—There are other places besides this and believe me they are all necessary. It takes money to make the world go round and while a few years ago, the world looked to London, Paris and Berlin for its financial support, their day is past, and now Washington is the Bankinghouse of the Universe.

Before we turn back to our starting place Chauffeur please hold the bus a moment while I point out some of the sights at Arlington, the Nation's Cemetery.

The most prominent edifice on the hill there across the river is the Robert E. Lee Mansion—around it are buried many thousands of Uncle Sam's heroes. How appropriate that the estate surrounding recalls memories not only of that gallant soldier of the Confederacy, but of his still more conspicuous relative the famous Martha Washington and her descendents.

Those three wireless towers close by—monuments to Marconi—are the most powerful in the world and Exchange the time of day with the Eiffel tower in Paris without any intermediate station.

It was close to that station where the Wright Brothers first demonstrated the value of their heavier than air planes and it was there where Lieut. Selfridge gave up his life, as the first martyr to the cause of Aerial Navigation.

That circular edifice that you see in the distance is a memorial to the men who were lost by the sinking of the Maine in the harbor of Havana.

But I will not hold you further. We have a trip of this car tomorrow morning at ten o'clock that I recommend you to take in.

We go over Rock Creek where Robert Fulton tested the model of his famous first steamship the "Clermont".

We pass the old cemetery where lies all that is mortal of the author of "Home Sweet Home" John Howard Payne. We pass the former home of Francis Scott Key who wrote our national anthem and you will see the Key bridge across the Potomac being erected in his honor.

But now we must hurry on. On the left see that row of trees? Those are Maiden Hair trees brought from Japan many years ago by our own Admiral Perry. They are now preparing a stately monument in his honor, but that beautiful row of trees commemorates him to Washingtonians in a more unique manner than the most sculptured stone.

(Applause).

Now we are passing the Zoological Gardens, along one end of which is a most remarkable memorial to General Grant.— It will be worth while to step in and see it.

Also the wonderful foliage brought from all over the world and propagated in hot houses.

There is one tree especially notable. It has very flexible leaves that are always moving. They call it the "Mother-in-law's tongue tree" (Laughter).

Here we are at our starting place.

I am sorry that the time has gone so fast and that we have been able to see so little of the sights for which this city is noted.

Perhaps you will come again and let me take you on some other trip by more devious ways, where you may gather inspiration after inspiration.

Where you may recall the historical scenes that are suggested by landmarks—landmarks that time did not permit us to examine today.

The associations in and around Washington are an education in Americanism—

A joyful celebration of patriotism and of human freedom, and make this City without question the Royal City of World Democracy.

FAREWELL ALL OF YOU AND MAY YOUR SHADOWS
NEVER GROW LESS.

(The End)

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